HARRIET:

OR, THE

INNOCENT ADULTRESS.

Ut ſolis radii in ſordibus non inquinantur, itidem nec animus pudicus inter impudicos.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

A NEW EDITION.

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MDCCLXXIX.

HARRIET:

OR, THE

Innocent Adultreſs.

SECT. I.

THE woman opened the door—and was approaching with the candles towards the ſtand next the couch—but the Prince ſaid—ſhe might place them at the other end of the room—The woman obey'd—curtſey'd—and went out.

Let me—continued the Prince, my deareſt life—let me conjure you to think

of me---as of one whoſe ſtrong reſiſtleſs love———

Forbear---forbear---my deareſt lord---you muſt deſiſt---indeed you muſt---My love, my lord, is nothing leſs than yours ---I will for ever cheriſh it---tho' it conſume my life---but you direct it now to our mutual deſtruction.

The woman opened the door again---and brought in the ſnuffers---lays them near the candles---drops another curtſey ---and retires.

You ſee, my lord---ſays Lady Fillemore---this very woman ſeems to fancy ſtrange things---this is an earneſt of what we muſt expect---Urge, my lord, this fatal buſineſs no farther---Let us depart ---and think more coolly---and more wiſely---we are haſtening to perdition.

Then am I loſt for ever, cries the Prince---I cannot, Lady Fillemore, live upon ſuch terms---Without my ſoul's delight life's burthen ſoon will grow

intolerable---Miſery without hope can never be endured.

Without hope, my lord? ſays Lady Fillemore---I will not think ſo gloomy of our fate---Let me conjure you wait a little---let us part, at leaſt, my lord, for the preſent---Let us defeat the wicked deſigns of that ungenerous wretch---who, under favour of a tyrant cuſtom, ſeeks my ruin---for the very thing he does himſelf---and that with perfidy and baſeſt cruelty---to the unhappy victim of his wild deſires---My love will ever burn as fierce as yours.

That cannot be, my deareſt love---but as you give me hopes --I will endure with a lover's patience.

Our hopes, alas! my lord, are far removed---Our loves can never be crowned while I continue wife to this baſe man ---with whom the world has joined me.

Oh! cruel ſentence, cries the Prince---muſt I then waſte years in fruitleſs hopes, and pine with endleſs love---but what

your will directs I muſt ſubmit to---for I am wholly yours---and ever will remain at your diſpoſal --- Yet let the cordial drop of hope mix with this bitter draught ---made up by worldly prudence---If I can ſee my lovely Harriet---if I can ſpeak to her---

There, my dear lord, I fear you will not act with caution---You know my cruel tyrant will watch each look---each motion --- This very meeting --- was it e'er diſcovered---would looſe his ſavage tongue againſt me---I never can conſent to gratify the wiſh of that vile man--- No, he ſhall not blaſt my fame---and hold me up to public ſcorn.

I feel, replies the Prince, your hard condition---nothing but deſpair preſents itſelf before me---No gleam of hope appears but what muſt ruin you---yet will I love, and call you mine---and if my deareſt Harriet continues but to love me, I will reſt ſatisfied---Yet ——

At this time a coach ſtopping at the door---alarmed them both.

Good heavens! ſays Lady Fillemore, what are we about --your highneſs will be diſcovered by my ſervants---Our meeting here alone will ſoon be carried to Lord Fillemore---and leſs ſuſpicious circumſtances than theſe would furniſh him with proof of what he wiſhes to be true---Indeed, my dear lord, we muſt depart from hence.

And ſaying this ſhe rung the bell---the woman being aſked---whether Lady Fillemore's coach was come---ſhe anſwered---it was not---and then withdrew.

Let me intreat your Highneſs to indulge my preſent fears---let us not be ſurprized---and run the riſk of a diſcovery.

My dear Lady Fillemore—ſays the Prince---need but make known her wiſh ---even tho' it be the cruel one by which we are to ſeparate---Adieu, moſt lovely angel---Soon may we meet again.

SECT. II.

THE Prince ordered his chair, and retired—but buſy curioſity had not been entirely idle below ſtairs—the woman's huſband, who was likewiſe in the houſe, let out the Prince—and notwithſtanding his endeavours to eſcape notice—by muffling himſelf in his great coat—the man diſcovered who he was.

In a ſhort time Lady Fillemore's coach arrived at the door—and of courſe the adventures of the evening was canvaſſed, without reſerve, among the ſervants in the ſhort time that was allowed—but Lady Fillemore coming down as ſoon as ſhe had notice that her coach was ready—ſhortened the curious remarks on both ſides.

SECT.

SECT. III.

WHEN Lady Fillemore was in her coach—ſhe continued the reflexions which ſhe had begun the moment the Prince had left the room —She ſaw and felt the miſery of her connexion with Lord Fillemore — and dreaded ſtill worſe conſequences from indulging a paſſion for the Prince— She foreſaw that nothing could elude the watchful eye of Lord Fillemore— and her mind painted to itſelf the horrid ſcenes of miſery that muſt follow the diſcovery—She figured to herſelf the Prince bleeding and expiring by the ſword of her enraged lord—She ſaw the diſcovery already made from the unlucky circumſtances of their meeting— She ſaw it was impoſſible to prove her innocence—Appearances are too ſtrong for innocence—Lord Fillemore might

now glut his cruelty—let his revenge now fall upon me with all its weight, ſays ſhe, weeping — but may heaven protect the Prince from his inſatiable cruelty — Theſe diſmal reflexions filled the mind of Lady Fillemore till mid-night—and finiſhed with a reſolution of ſeeing the Prince no more—if ſhe could eſcape diſcovery of the late unlucky meeting.

SECT. IV.

BUT fortune who loves miſchief like any prude—would not ſuffer this meeting to remain a ſecret from Lord Fillemore — The truſty Stevens ſoon became poſſeſſed of the happy ſecret — and that his maſter might not have the leaſt doubt—of what might otherwiſe appear to him to fortunate to be true—he carried the woman with him to Lord Fillemore.

As

As if now in poſſeſſion of what was to inſure his utmoſt felicity—Lord Fillemore repairs immediately to his friend Macaroni, and orders Stevens and the woman to follow him.

SECT. V.

NOW, my dear Macaroni, ſays Lord Fillemore, my happineſs is complete—Even you—Sceptic as you are—will doubt no longer.

Indeed, my lord, ſays Macaroni—ſuch induſtry as yours ought to be ſucceſsful—If Lady Fillemore was a veſtal—I ſhould believe one half the pains you take to find out ſhe is falſe—would make her ſo—But pardon me, my friend, if I can't join and encourage a purſuit which I condemn—Appearances which your jealous mind have worked up to a confirmation—have ever ſeemed to me trivial—and light as air.

Well,

Well, but my deareſt friend—replies Lord Fillemore — hear, and you'll be convinced—The Prince and Lady Fillemore have met alone at the Counteſs's—the Counteſs out of town—and nobody but them from ſeven o'clock in the evening till eleven—And are you, my ſweet Macaroni—ſo cold a lover—that you could be alone with a Lady Fillemore for four hours, and expect her huſband ſhould not be jealous—Or do you think that Lady Fillemore would ſpend four hours with ſuch a lover who gave ſo little room for jealouſy?

And was this ſo? replies Sir Charles.

A ſervant coming in, informed them Stevens and the woman waited his lordſhip's commands.

You ſhall hear the evidence, Macaroni, continues Lord Fillemore—Let them come up—and we'll examine the woman, who was witneſs to what paſſed.

The woman confirmed what Lord Fillemore had ſaid—and added all ſhe knew beſides.

And

And mark, good Macaroni, ſays Lord Fillemore—they were ſitting together on the conch—when the woman came in with the candles—You don't give ſufficient weight to the circumſtance of the couch—Is not this damning proof?

Did you ſee, ſays Sir Charles to the woman, any appearances for ſuſpicion?—Was the door of the drawing-room locked or faſtened?

No, replies the woman.

Do you believe they had notice of your coming with candles from any noiſe before you entered the room?

I think not, replies the woman.

You did not ſuſpect then they were other than brother and ſiſter when you opened the door?

I did not, replied the woman.

But you forget the couch, my dear Macaroni—interrupted Lord Fillemore—You forget the couch—that damning proof ——

I am

I am ſatisfied, ſays Sir Charles, your witneſs may withdraw—I am ſatisfied, my dear Lord Fillemore, that you are ſtill too haſty in your concluſion—But as you ſeem not averſe to the name of cuckold—I think your premiſes alarming.

Think of the couch, Macaroni, ſays Lord Fillemore—and you will ſwear there is palpable conviction.

In truth, Lord Fillemore, returns Sir Charles, you are haunted by the couch as much as the jealous Othello was by the handkerchief—Take care, my lord—be not a dupe to your own imagination—If it was criminal to ſit upon a couch—couches ſhould be baniſhed from every drawing-room in town—Was I a huſband, I ſhould not perhaps wiſh to hear of ſuch a *tête-à-tête* between my wife and any man of faſhion—but are they not the daily practice in the *beau monde?*—Would not the man be called a jealous fool in every polite company—

who

who ſhould cenſure his wife for receiving a viſitor, even in her dreſſing-room?—Is not a married woman privileged to walk alone with whom ſhe pleaſes, without cenſure—or can any one be condemned from appearances—without making the whole ſex in the polite circle ſubject to the ſame imputation?—You ſee, my lord, tho' Lady Fillemore was alone with the Prince—it was not intended they were thus to be alone—they expected to have found the Counteſs—The preſent notion of decorum demanded not their parting—as ſoon as they diſcovered the Counteſs was gone into the country—and nothing appears from your evidence that furniſhes any particular circumſtance to induce the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion—the door being unlocked—the woman entering without any previous notice—their equivocal appearance—which might paſs them off for brother and ſiſter—as well as a pair of lovers—clears them from all imputation in my opinion—

opinion—I will not however declare, Lord Fillemore, that every thing is as it ſhould be—I think Lady Fillemore much too handſome to repeat ſuch meetings—Nothing as yet has happened—but care ſhould be taken to prevent future miſchief.

No, replies Lord Fillemore—let her go on her own way—and follow her own courſe to perdition—What a proſtitute muſt ſhe be, who expects to lie-in in a week—and what, Macaroni, do you think of the Prince?

Why, I think, replies Sir Charles, the circumſtance you now mention might ſet your heart at eaſe—But excuſe me, my lord, I perceive you are anxious I ſhould confirm your unaccountable wiſhes—when I cannot but condemn them—and to ſpeak my mind with freedom—your lordſhip's behaviour is ſomewhat ſtrange—You conſult me without taking my advice—You aſk me what I think, and preſcribe to me the rule of my thoughts—If you meant to prevent the

ruin

ruin of Lady Fillemore—and your own miſery—nobody would be more active to aſſiſt you—but when you are more earneſt to convict than to preſerve, I feel for Lady Fillemore, and cannot ſubmit to join your lordſhip's domeſtic in promoting the ruin of you both—You know the beauty of Lady Fillemore—You know the indulgence of the world—You have reaſon, perhaps, to ſuſpect an attachment to the Prince—You ſee her approaching the brink of deſtruction—but remember, my lord, if you act only as a ſpectator—and warn her not of the danger—you ſpread the net for her undoing.

Lord Fillemore ſtarted up haſtily—and in a pet—Good morrow to you, Sir Charles, ſaid he—and left the houſe immediately.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

THE Prince was not leſs buſy in his thoughts when he left Lady Fillemore than her ladyſhip—His mind was agitated between hopes and fears—ſometimes he ſaw his happineſs complete in the avowed paſſion of Lady Fillemore for him—and the unaccountable averſion and perſecution of her lord—He then fell into deſpair from the prudence of Lady Fillemore, and her dread of cenſure from the world.

When he arrived at home he found he was called upon by the ſervice of his country—and a few days would ſeparate him from Lady Fillemore for ſome time.

But this was leſs diſtreſſing to the Prince—as her ladyſhip was in a few days confined—by an occaſion that would have given the greateſt joy to moſt noble families—

families—Her ladyſhip was brought to bed of a fine boy.

Whatever moments the Prince could ſnatch from the ſervice of his country on board of ſhip, were employed in writing to Lady Fillemore--and her ladyſhip returned the Prince's aſſurances of his paſſion with equal warmth of expreſſion on her part.

The curious reader is no doubt anxious to read a correſpondence between two lovers of ſuch high rank—and will naturally expect to find the celebrated letters of Abelard and Eloiſa inferior in ſtile, ſentiment, and expreſſion—but unfortunately—and by means not to be conceived—theſe letters fell into the hands of Lord Fillemore—and unleſs his Lordſhip takes compaſſion on the curious—muſt for ever remain among the invaluable *deſiderata*—and we muſt for ever leave the following - - - -

Hiatus plurimum deflendus.

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SECT. VII.

'TIS wonderful with what eaſe and celerity great men diſpatch the public buſineſs—the *veni, vidi, vici* of Julius Cæſar is in the mouth of every ſchool-boy—nor is any child of ſix years old ignorant of the expedition of that french king—who with forty thouſand men went up a hill—and then came down again.

The Prince, who had been called upon by the ſervice of his country—finiſhed the expedition in ſix weeks—And wonder not reader at the celerity of the Prince—he was borne upon the wings of love.

The lovely Lady Fillemore was not more impatient for his return—than he was to finiſh the great concern of the nation—and lay the peaceful laurel at the feet of the miſtreſs of his ſoul—It's

ſaid

ſaid too, Lord Fillemore wiſhed earneſtly for the Prince's return—for the great object of all his wiſhes—the divorce—ſtood ſtill—during the cruel ſeparation of the unhappy lovers—For tho' he had no doubt of the mutual affection of the Prince and his Lady—he knew the laws of England, as well as his friend Sir Charles, required ſtronger proofs of his ſuppoſed diſhonour than bare circumſtances—and a jury, as well as his friend, would require evidence of Epicurean inſtead of Platonic love.

But this evidence he was not likely to have—for tho' the Prince on his return flew to the arms of his lovely Lady Fillemore—who received him too with open arms—the Prince found his vows, prayers, and intreaties, could not prevail againſt a heart thus fortified like Lady Fillemore's—She loved—ſhe adored the Prince—but the awe—the dread—the horror of the world, reſtrained her warmeſt wiſhes—She aimed not to conceal

the violence of her own paſſion—but urged the Prince with the moſt earneſt and repeated prayers to preſs his ſuit no farther—as ruin and deſtruction to them both muſt follow her compliance.

The Prince ſwore ten thouſand times he would reſt contented—and broke ten thouſand times his ſolemn vows.

At length, fearing the conſequence of frequent meetings—ſuſpecting her own reſolution—and dreading the prying eye of the cenſorious world—ſhe reſolved to quit the town, and retire with her family into the country—hoping from time and abſence to cure her fruitleſs paſſion.

She made known her intentions to the Prince—and begged he would approve this prudent ſtep—The Prince ſwore he would follow her—He could not live without her—Vows, prayers, and tears pleaded for the Prince—and, what was ſtronger, Lady Fillemore's bleeding heart was his advocate.

Yet

Yet let us part, my deareſt love, cries Lady Fillemore—You ſee not the gulf of perdition that opens for us both—My lord intends retiring into the country, and I alone have managed the delay—Be ſure, my love, not inclination but neceſſity prompts me to wiſh this cruel ſeparation—I never more ſhall ceaſe to love—nor would I wiſh it—I never yet felt joy ſo exquiſite, as ſince we both exchanged our hearts—but, you, ſweet ſoul, regard not conſequences, and think not that Lord Fillemore is watching for the ruin of us both—For heaven's ſake, let us part, at leaſt for a ſhort time—and hope for happier days.

Indeed, indeed, angelic Lady Fillemore, ſays the Prince, your will is ever mine—The world—your lord—your dreadful fears determine me to yield.

SECT. VIII.

IN a few days Lady Fillemore with her family, except Lord Fillemore, ſet off for———;but the Prince, forgetful of his promiſe, could not endure the thoughts of ſeparation—He reſolved to follow, be the conſequence what it might He could not live without ſeeing her—and nothing worſe could follow a diſcovery—Tho' Lady Fillemore's commands were abſolute, he could not obey them—he would follow her into ——, but would follow her in diſguiſe.

He put on the dreſs of a farmer, with two attendants—the one in the ſame diſguiſe with himſelf, the other like a farmer's ſervant—and, to the great ſurprize of Lady Fillemore, he was already at the inn at ——, when ſhe arrived.

Lady Fillemore was aſtoniſhed at ſeeing the Prince—and tho' agreeably ſurprized,

prized, ſhe was grieved at this raſh enterprize—Happy as ſhe was to ſee him, ſhe was concerned to ſee him in that low diſguiſe, and dreaded a diſcovery—His love was too impetuous now to be reſiſted—he feared no diſcovery—he muſt follow her—he vowed he would loſe no opportunity of ſeeing her, but would content himſelf with ſeeing her alone—He ſwore that he would uſe every caution, and begged that ſhe would reſt ſecure—He would not riſk the ſmalleſt chance of diſcovery—and then intreated ſhe would let him ſee her again the next evening at———.

The Prince with his two attendants arrived at —— the next day about two o'clock—and to avoid the inquiries of curious impertinents, it was reſolved he ſhould paſs for 'Squire Morgan, a welch gentleman of a weak underſtanding—who was under the care of Truſty, as his guardian.

After dinner the Prince retired to his room—and there happening to be in the houſe another gentleman of the name of Morgan at the time the Prince arrived—the welch gentleman, from the account he received of the landlord, imagined him to be his relation—and being told he was all alone—a ſituation he much diſliked himſelf—as he joined in the opinion of his anceſtors about ghoſts and apparitions—without uſing the tap of ſervants in England—or the raps of polite huſbands in France—before they enter their wives dreſſing-rooms—or the three diſtinct knocks of the Free Maſons—but with the eaſy frank way of the hoſpitable principality—where the houſes are always open to friends or ſtrangers—in bounces the 'Squire into the Prince's room——

God ſave you, couſin Morgan—I am glad to ſee you.

The

The Prince was wrapt in deep attention upon Prior's Henry and Emma, which he was reading, and was juſt got to the laſt line of the following paſſage:

Now oft had Henry chang'd his fly diſguiſe,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to ſee the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft the pangs of abſence to remove,
By letters, ſoft interpreters of love;
'Till time and induſtry (the mighty two
That bring our wiſhes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Harriet's heart a ſhare of Henry's pain.

The ſudden ſurprize at this unexpected intruſion—the conſciouſneſs of his whimſical ſituation—the unuſual familiarity of the ſtranger—the ſtrong reſemblance the dreſs of the real welchman bore to his—even as to the articles of black ſcratch wig and ſlouched hat—

con-

confounded the Prince—he knew not what to ſay or do—but he was ſoon relieved—for the real 'Squire, without waiting for an anſwer——

Sit you down, ſit you down, couſin Morgan, cried he—as the Prince roſe up to receive him—no ceremony I pray ye—How is couſin Morgan of Place-Lloyd, and couſin Williams-ap-Rees?—How is couſin Floyd of Place-David, and David Jones of Place-Leake?—Is my good old maiden aunt, Winifred Jones, ſtill living?—And is my godfather Griffiths-ap-Shenkin-ap-Morgan-ap-Jones as proud as ever of his pedigree?—He was always proud of his pedigree—and quarrelled with me, couſin, becauſe I inſiſted that our family was as antient—tho' not with ſo long a name as his—And bye the bye, couſin Morgan, ſays he—(putting his hand upon the back of the Prince's as it lay on his knee—ſo he was leaning forward over the fire in a muſing poſture)—your family and mine

is,

is, as I have heard my uncle Dr. David Morgan ſay, to his certain knowledge, a more antient family than any in Wales.

The Prince, tho' ſcarce attending to what his new relation ſaid—found he had nothing to apprehend from his brother Sofia's underſtanding—which if it had been counterfeited — would have proved the ſon of David to be the true Mercury—But the welchman was too ſincere to diſguiſe any of his thoughts—he was literally incapable of feigning any thing.

Do you prefer wine, couſin, ſays he, pointing to the bottle, to the liquor of our own country?

Would you do me the favour to drink a glaſs, ſuch as it is? replies the Prince.

I always prefer ale, returns 'Squire Morgan—and I'll ring if you pleaſe, for a mug—My landlord here has a mug of as good ale as I have drank ſince I left home—I never could drink wine in my life—not to ſay drink it—I can manage

manage a bottle or two at a ſitting—but I can't to ſay drink—I can't ſtick to it at a bout—Now ale I can drink for ever—I can ſit at it for twenty-four hours together—and have my ſenſes as much about me as when I am perfectly ſober—Our family have ever had as good heads as any in the country—ale had no effect upon them—My father—my uncle—my elder brother and myſelf, once went into company with the ladies—After each had drank at one ſitting four-and-thirty half pints of our ſtout October—not a ſingle ſoul was the wiſer—and I was but at this time riſing nineteen.

In the midſt of this diſcourſe upon the ale, the waiter enters with St. David's nectar.

Are the two gentlemen returned? ſays 'Squire Morgan.

They are not, anſwered the waiter.

When they come, ſhew them up, waiter, cries 'Squire Morgan—I will introduce

troduce to you a couple of very honeſt men, couſin Morgan, continues he—addreſſing himſelf to the Prince.

Good heavens! cries the Prince to himſelf, what will become of me if they are copies of the ſame original—He wiſhed his name had been any thing but Morgan—How ſhould he get rid of this plague—this contagion—that ſtuck to him as cloſe as the glove in a certain diſorder to the hand of a welchman.

You are dull, couſin Morgan, cries the 'Squire—I am never dull.

What, never! ſays the Prince to himſelf.

Come, throw aſide your wine, and let us have a bout with ſparkling October—ſee how it ſmiles—a mug or two of this will make ye briſk and lively as this ſparling amber here—Come, couſin, here's to ye—it is the beſt that ever was tipped over tongue—except what I have got in my own cellar, tho' I ſay it—I don't know how the ale of your coun-

try

try may be—you are more than fifty miles from us—Come couſin, drink to our better acquaintance—tho' we have never met before—it is no reaſon we never ſhould again, you know, couſin.

I muſt beg you will excuſe me, ſays the Prince—my phyſician in London adviſed me to refrain from malt liquor.

Refrain from malt liquor! interrupts the 'Squire—and can a phyſician adv.ſe a welchman to refrain from malt liquor?—Why, we live upon it, you know, couſin—Ale is our ſtaff of life, as I may ſay—and I am ſure it makes us have a chearful countenance—and can any man be hurt by ale?—My father could drink from morning till night of it when he had a dropſy, without being either ſick or ſorry—and my elder brother, in his laſt illneſs, could drink ale without ceaſing—when nothing elſe would ſtay upon his ſtomach.

I have heard, ſays the Prince, ſmiling within himſelf—that tho' our family is as

antient as any ſince the flood—it is not, couſin Morgan, quite as long-lived.

No, replied the 'Squire, we are all for a ſhort life and a merry one—My father ſlipt his wind at two-and-forty — my uncle at thirty-eight—and my brother two years ago at twenty-ſeven—but they would have died much ſooner if it had not been for ale—and as long as ale will keep me alive, I will drink it, couſin—and when every man has drank up his drink, it is time to depart — Come, couſin, here's that we may live all the days of our lives—after drinking—A man can't die, ſays the 'Squire, while he can do this, you know, couſin—But I wiſh the two dogs were here, I am ſure you'd like 'em, couſin.

Are they pointers, ſetters, or ſpaniels? cries the Prince.

Good enough! cries the 'Squire, laughing—They are two companions of mine—The one is the ſon of an exciſe-man, whom my father educated at Shrewſbury

Shrewſbury-ſchool—out of regard to the honeſt exciſe-man who married a faithful ſervant of ours—that was acknowledged to be the beſt dairy-maid, as well as the handſomeſt wench in our country—I don't know—but I ſuſpect, continues the 'Squire, giving an arch wink to the Prince—but Davy Williams is a very honeſt fellow, and ſo is my friend the parſon—who wants nothing but a good living to make him as able a divine as any in the dioceſe of St. David's—He and I were foſter brothers—and my father paid for his ſchooling as my companion—and at my requeſt ſent him ſervitor to Jeſus' when I was entered of that college—He was always a better ſcholar than me—but how he got his learning I cannot gueſs, for we were always together, and I never was a mope and porer over ſtupid dull books in my life—I was too wiſe to waſte the precious hours of life ſo ſtupidly—I knew too much before I went to Oxford, to mix

mix among ſchool-boys — any one of which I could drink under the table the day I was admitted—As my elder brother was dead, what had I to do with learning?—Tho' I ſtaid at Oxford to oblige my guardian till I was of age—I determined to finiſh my ſtudies at that time, and keep the day of my coming of age at my own houſe, in Place-Shenkin.

Lord! how people throw away the prime of their youthful days in that univerſity?—My guardian, that I might, he ſaid, be an honour to my family—of ſervice to my country—and repreſent, like ſome of my anceſtors—that county in which I had the beſt eſtate—perſuaded me to attend Blackſtone's lectures—He inſiſted they were neceſſary for any man that would ſerve his country — either as a member of parliament, high-ſheriff, or juſtice of peace — It was all nonſenſe — I did attend them—and ſoon after I was of age I was

put into the commiſſion of the peace—but what did it ſignify my having been at Blackſtone's lectures—I knew nothing of the matter as a juſtice—Burn furniſhed every thing I wanted, and him I left to the management of my clerk.

What nonſenſe to ſuppoſe a knowledge of Blackſtone's lectures neceſſary for a juſtice—when there is ſcarce a juſtice that I meet at the quarter-ſeſſions who has ever heard of Blackſtone or his lectures—Why lord! if our farmers were to read law before they take out their Dedimus, how ſhould they pay their rents?—As we ſee the wiſe ones above think any thing will make a juſtice—what a fool was my guardian to ſend me to Blackſtone's lectures?

And as to the office of high-ſheriff—the judge himſelf told me laſt year—upon the circuit—nobody ever made a better figure in the office than I did—I took care to have a proper complement of men—I provided handſome liveries—

I ſpared

I ſpared no expence at my entertainment or my ball—I complimented the judge with my houſe while he ſtayed—This was all I did—and what has this to do with Blackſtone's lectures?

And ſuppoſe, what I do not wiſh indeed, that the county ſhould preſs me to repreſent them in parliament—I do not ſee Blackſtone's lectures will be of more ſervice to me there—I ſhall vote of courſe againſt the court, you know—and there is not much knowledge of law neceſſary when another cries out, aye, to cry out, no.

Why, there is Griffiths Jones too—who I often ſuffer to preach for our parſon—He is allowed to preach better ſermons than the rector—and he bought them ready made upon a bulk in London for twenty pence a ſcore—and our rector here makes them all himſelf—and is ſaid to be a learned man—and was put in by the biſhop as maſter of our free-ſchool—I am ſure, in every ſtation there

is more fuſs made about learning than it is worth—and I believe Davy Williams and Griffy Jones would ſucceed better in life if they were worſe ſcholars than they are—I aſſure ye, couſin Morgan, they are clever fellows—they ſing a jolly ſong better than you ever heard—and Griffy Jones is an excellent hand at a ſmutty ballad—and the parſon loves wickedneſs—He is what you may call a deviliſh clever fellow—he goes in the country by the name of the bard—I have got a deal of his poetry at home—I wiſh I had ſome here—he is always ſcribbling, but he would rather write lampoons than ſermons.

The deuce take 'em, I wiſh they were here, I am ſure you'd like 'em—they ſhou'd make you merry—I'd make 'em ſing ye a hundred ſongs—and the parſon has got ſome charming fat ones that would delight ye—The raſcals might have been back long before this time—I ſent them to purchaſe a brace of hunters,

which

which they thought would be better for my riding than thoſe I have at preſent—They ſay my two geldings are each too much for me—It's true, they are very powerful horſes, and have a great deal of ſpirit—yet I can't think but I have the command of them — however, as I know my friends conſult only my welfare, I would not contend with them —Indeed, it is no great loſs to me—for both their horſes are almoſt knocked up—and they inſiſt upon having the geldings for their own uſe—they are very eaſy men, and conſult my pleaſure in every thing.

There is ſcarce a want I have in the world that they don't find out before I diſcover it myſelf—If my ſervants cheat or abuſe me, I hear of it firſt from them — If my tradeſmen impoſe upon, or ſend a bad commodity, they are the firſt who open my eyes—If a tenant abuſes his farm, or has made too good a bargain—their kindneſs always

provides me a new tenant—and if they point out to me any new want—they are always ready to aſſiſt me in ſupplying it.

Before I was ſheriff, Davy Williams perſuaded me to make a handſome appearance in my ſheriffalty—and he actually went to France to purchaſe laces and brocades of the beſt kind, and at the cheapeſt rate—and took the trouble to run them—tho' he knew I did not value the expence—and Griffy Jones was going to Italy to buy me ſome pictures, of which he is an excellent judge, and can draw a little himſelf—in order to furniſh the great gallery and drawing-room which I had lately finiſhed—But when I heard how far it was to Italy, I would not conſent—and we had like to have quarrelled—as he ſaid by my not conſenting, I ſeemed to doubt his friendſhip—in ſuppoſing he could think any journey or voyage too long to ſerve me.

Indeed, couſin, I cannot ſay too much in praiſe of theſe two friends—but I am

quite

quite angry with them for ſtaying ſo long—What do they think I could have done with myſelf—if I had not been lucky enough to ſtumble upon you, couſin—I have a great mind to puniſh them when they come—and ſend 'em down to the kitchen for the reſt of the evening—I do ſometimes when I am at home—for you know it is right, couſin, (putting on his hat, and ſwelling not a little) to let them know who one is—and indeed, they ſeem ſenſible of it themſelves, and never take it amiſs—and are as merry with the ſteward, butler, and game-keeper, as they are with me.

Come, couſin, I muſt have another nippiken—It is excellent ſtuff—and ringing the bell—This is not the beſt room, ſays he, my landlord has given you, couſin—It's firſt come, firſt ſerved, with him—We were beforehand with ye—but you ſhall change rooms with one of them—You ſhall have the

parſon's room—he generally takes good care of himſelf.

Excuſe me, ſays the Prince, I will by no means deprive your friend of his room—I am ſatisfied with this.

The 'Squire began to be very roughly civil—He ſwore his people ſhould not have a better room than his relation—and a Morgan too—He was juſt forcing the Prince to go and look at the parſon's room — and he had got ſome of the Prince's luggage under one arm — and was laying hold of the Prince to lead him forth under the other, when the landlord entered the room.

SECT.

SECT. IX.

GEDDINGS had but a little before heard of the diſtreſs the Prince was in—and, while he was deviſing how to extricate his maſter, Lady Fillemore's coach arrived at the inn—There was no time to be loſt—He judged how the Prince's diſtreſs would be increaſed when he knew ſhe was arrived—He goes immediately to the landlord, and deſired he would call the ſtranger out of the room—he wanted to ſpeak to him in private.

Geddings had found the ſtranger claimed to be the Prince's relation—and he reſolved to act accordingly.

SECT.

SECT. X.

'SQUIRE Morgan coming in, Geddings ſhut to the door.

I perceive, ſays Geddings, you are under a great miſtake—You imagine my maſter to be the Morgan of ——, who is your relation—You are miſtaken—my young maſter is unfortunately of a very weak underſtanding.

I perceive he is, anſwers the 'Squire—I ſaw he had nothing to ſay—He ſcarce uttered three words at one time, all the while I have been with him—But why not my relation, ſir? continued he—All my family are not alike—ſurely he's not the leſs my relation, becauſe he's of a weak underſtanding—whatever he was, I would not diſown my relation—Why, my couſin Morgan of Bimſtone-place—and my uncle Morgan-ap-Floyd—and my couſin Griffiths-ap-Morgan, who was

ſheriff laſt year—don't ſeem to be of a better underſtanding than he is—Lord, if you would not talk of theſe things—nobody would find it out — Why, my grandfather was once confined when he was in London—but when he came into the country, no ſoul knew any thing that had ailed him—If you are wiſe enough to keep your own counſel, ſir, continued the 'Squire, nobody will diſcover ye in our country.

Well, but his phyſician has ordered that he be kept very quiet, leſt he break out and become outrageous---I have the care of him, and I don't chuſe to be in the room with him more than is neceſſary---therefore I intreat you ſir, to leave him to himſelf.

While he was ſaying this, Davy Williams and Griffiths Jones came into the inn, with the two horſes following them.

And will you then, ſir, ſays 'Squire Morgan to Geddings, give me your com-

company---and I will introduce you to my two friends.

Geddings readily conſented, to prevent any further interruption to the Prince.

SECT. XI.

THE Prince related to Lady Fillemore the adventure of the crazy welchman.

Indeed, my Lord, ſays Lady Fillemore, you give me great uneaſineſs to find you will perſiſt in your reſolution of following me under ſo many difficulties---I cannot bear the thoughts of your appearing in ſuch a ſtrange diſguiſe---and paſſing for the counterpart of ſuch a wretch as you have juſt deſcribed.

Think you, my dear Lady Fillemore, replies the Prince---that I feel any diſtreſs while you are the object of my purſuit---

I would

I would go a pilgrimage to Rome---or to the world's end---for a ſight of my deareſt love.

Lady Fillemore was very earneſt to perſuade him to return to London---but all in vain-- He perſiſted in his reſolution---He promiſed to be with her again at the———, and ſaid he would chalk the door of his chamber as a guide for her ladyſhip's choice of her apartment ---for the nearer their rooms were together---the leſs danger there was, he ſaid, of their being obſerved.

Lady Fillemore complied, tho' ſhe liked not the impetuous raſhneſs of the Prince---who ſeemed too negligent about his ſecurity or accommodation.

SECT.

SECT. XII.

THE Prince and his two attendants ſet off early in the morning—and arrived by noon at——, under the ſame diſguiſe, and in the ſame character.

I hope, Geddings, ſays the Prince, we ſhall not find another brother fool at this inn.

I hope not, replies Geddings—your Royal Highneſs will, if we do, grow tired of your diſguiſe.

Not at all, ſays the Prince—Love, almighty love is my guide—and I ſhall think nothing an hardſhip—no difficulty or danger will diſcourage my perſeverance—The delightful Lady Fillemore is the object of my purſuit—and I ſhall never tire in the chace—You have not heard, perhaps Geddings, that the great Jupiter himſelf did ten times more from the impulſe of all-powerful love—He aſſumed as many ſhapes as a harlequin—

harlequin—He gained admittance to his beloved Danae in the form of a ſhower of gold—or, to interpret it by the rules of modern intrigue—he bribed her nurſe or guardian—We find he made love to Læda in the ſhape of a ſwan—and carried off Europa in the form of a bull—He poſſeſſed the beauteous wife of Amphitrion, by impudently perſonating her huſband—I would not deſire by bribes or deceit upon my divine Lady Fillemore, to accompliſh the object of my wiſhes—but would deſcend into any ſhape to be as fortunate as Jove—O ye gods! I ſhould not envy great Jupiter himſelf his mighty empire—if I could once ſay the charming Lady Fillemore was fairly mine.

In the midſt of this diſcourſe a piſtol was heard to go off in the adjoining room—and almoſt the whole houſe being inſtantaneouſly collected together at the place where the noiſe came from—Geddings,

dings, by the order of the Prince, went to enquire into the cauſe.

The ſon of the inn keeper, a young man of three-and-twenty, was the unfortunate author of all this confuſion.—His wife had eloped from him the day before in company with a noble lord—and the young man was ſo affected by his misfortune that he could not ſurvive it.

Impoſſible! ſays Geddings—what—ſhoot himſelf upon the elopement of his wife—and an inn-keeper's ſon too?

When the dinner came in—the waiter being full of the ſtory, related it as follows:

To be ſure it is a very melancholy thing—There never was a happier couple than our young maſter and his wife, till within a few weeks—when my lord firſt took notice of her.

Lord who? ſays the Prince.

Lord Fillemore, ſays the waiter.

Bleſs me! ſays the Prince—But go on with your relation.

To be ſure ſhe was as handſome a woman as ever walked upon ſhoe-leather—and our young maſter too—poor man—was as clever a man as you would wiſh to ſee—He might have had a woman with more money—but he liked our young miſtreſs—and indeed, there was no love loſt between them—for a rich 'Squire—with hundreds a year, in the neighbourhood—would have married her—but ſhe liked our young maſter better—and when they married—all the country agreed there never was a handſomer or more loving couple that ever kneeled down at the altar—They lived as happily as could be for the firſt year—and to be ſure our young maſter, poor man, was a moſt indulgent huſband—She might do what ſhe would—and go where ſhe would—he never was the man to ſay nay—All the ladies in the town were fond of her—ſhe viſited all, and

was received at our aſſembly and at the aſſize-balls—She was very fond of dreſs, for certain—and our young maſter let her have as fine clothes as any need wear—there was none finer in all the aſſembly—At laſt ball my lord happened to dance with her—and many days together afterwards was at our houſe all the day long—Our young maſter at this began to grow jealous—as you would ſuppoſe he might—though our young miſtreſs did not at all encourage his coming at firſt—but ſeemed rather to diſlike it—However, our young maſter was very uneaſy—he was jealous, as a body may ſay—and my lord ſtill coming—he ordered our young miſtreſs not to ſee him—but ſhe took huff, as if he ſeemed to doubt her—and they had ſome words, but not very high—and our young maſter—for he was as bold a fellow as ever trod upon engliſh ground—told my lord, he did not like his viſits to his wife—and he expected his lordſhip

ſhip would not repeat them—He delivered this with ſo much reſolution, that my lord did not come afterwards to the houſe—but it was ſuſpected—he found means to correſpond with our young miſtreſs—which occaſioned words between our young maſter and her—Yeſterday morning ſhe went off unperceived by any body—Our young maſter was like a mad-man—when he was perſuaded ſhe was gone off—and every one in the houſe ſeemed crazy—running here—and running there—and enquiring every where after our young miſtreſs—Our maſter attempted ſeveral times to make away with himſelf—and during the whole night was ſo raving mad—that three men were obliged to ſit up with him—Towards the morning he grew more ſedate—and was ſuffered all day to go about the houſe—as he appeared quite quiet—but not without being watched by ſome of us—He found means, however, to take a piſtol out

of a paſſenger's bed-chamber—and ſtepping into the next room—he locked the door—and before he could be prevented —did the raſh act which you have heard.

When we broke open the door—we found the poor creature had found means to do the buſineſs effectually—and what is very extraordinary, a perſon is juſt arrived—and ſays ſhe was met in a very handſome chaiſe—very richly dreſt—in company with one Mrs. Reda—as they call her—a milliner from London—about an hour ago—which was about the time you heard the report of the piſtol—going for London—and it is now ſaid that my lord has lately taken a handſome houſe, elegantly furniſhed, which it is ſuppoſed is intended for her —God knows what my lord will have to anſwer for—He has ruined a giddy vain creature—and has murdered the kindeſt huſband that ever entered into wedlock—as well as the beſt young man, that had the hearts of all that knew him.

At theſe words the poor fellow put his handkerchief to his eyes --- and quitted the room abruptly.

The Prince was touched with the ſtory, and remained penſive for ſome time.

This is a lucky circumſtance, my lord, ſays Geddings—Lord Fillemore no longer now will be an obſtacle to your happineſs—you now have got an anſwer for all the lady's ſcruples.

I grant, replies the Prince, you reaſon like a man of the world, Geddings—When men of gallantry wiſh to ſeduce a faithful and affectionate wife—they uſe all arts to work her to their purpoſe—and none with ſuch a virtuous love ſucceed more readily than what you now allude to—Indeed, it ſeldom fails—but crimes—and what I hold the greateſt offences againſt honour—lay for the moſt part in the means—And think you, Geddings, I would win the heart of Lady Fillemore by tricks and arguments of baſeneſs—Think ye I'd make Lord Fil-

lemore the inſtrument of his own diſhonour—the pimp and vile convenience to his own diſgrace?—I doat on Lady Fillemore—I'd ſacrifice my life to gratify my love—but not my honour, Geddings—I am ſure ſhe would herſelf deteſt me could I uſe ſuch means—Our loves, I truſt, are mutual—and only wait for honourable means for mutual happineſs—When they will come I know not, Geddings—for ſhe will never yield while ſhe is Lady Fillemore—You ſeemed ſurprized when you firſt heard the ſon of this our inn-keeper—had ſhot himſelf becauſe his wife eloped—Is it more wonderful to find ſuch ſentiments of matrimonial honour in a young beautiful lady of quality.

Pardon me, my lord, ſays Geddings, bowing—your Highneſs commands as well as indulges my free thoughts—I cannot reaſon about honour—but this I'm ſure of—it is not Lord or Lady Fillemore's fault if your Highneſs miſcarry

left more looſe—I feel moſt forcibly the power of this man's love—My heart, methinks, bleeds at his wound as if it were congenial.

The Prince was ſo intereſted in this debate, that Lady Fillemore's coach had been in the houſe half an hour—when they learnt of her arrival from the waiter—The Prince retired into his room.

SECT. XIII.

WHEN Lady Fillemore had choſen her apartment—What's the matter, child? ſays ſhe, looking at the maid's eyes—you have been weeping—and the whole houſe ſeems to be in an uproar.

There is cauſe enough, madam, ſays the maid, burſting again into tears—our maſter's ſon has juſt ſhot himſelf.

God forbid! ſays Lady Fillemore—He is not dead, I hope?

Paſt

Paſt all recovery, replies the maid.

What is the cauſe of this raſh action?

The maid then related the whole ſtory, with the ſame circumſtances as the waiter —but, as is common in the ſex who have true ſentiments of love—ſhe dwelt ſo feelingly upon the tender affections of her young maſter—for his perfidious wife —that Lady Fillemore wept with her at the concluſion of her ſad tale.

And what could be the motive, ſays Lady Fillemore, that tempted her to leave ſo kind a huſband—and one, you ſay, ſhe ſeemed to love? For a lord that was not half ſo handſome as her huſband, I think you ſay—And pray, who was this lord, child?

We can't learn, ſays the maid—finding her ladyſhip already ſo much affected with the ſtory.

That's ſtrange, ſays Lady Fillemore—But proceed——

It is ſaid ſhe was deluded by fine clothes, jewels, equipage, and a fine houſe

houſe he has taken for her in London, continues the maid—She was ever vain, and fond of finery, to be ſure—God knows whether this was the cauſe—or what elſe—I know ſhe has murdered the kindeſt huſband that ever was—and ſo has my lord—But great folks may do as they pleaſe—to be ſure, ma'am—(curtſeys to Lady Fillemore) we poor people live by 'em.

When the maid was gone, Lady Fillemore could not help making an application to the ſtory ſhe had heard.

SECT.

SECT. XIV.

WHAT! muſing my ſweet love, ſays the Prince—as he entered the room.

Indeed, the ſtory of this houſe, cries Lady Fillemore, to which I gueſs you are no ſtranger—has much diſturbed my mind—I know not how it happens—but no ſad tale I ever yet have heard or read, gave me ſo much concern as this.

I felt it too, my love, replies the Prince—but I am grown of late ſo ſelfiſh, that I cannot feel or think of any ſufferings but my own—Since I have found your heart within my breaſt—I am dead to every ſenſe that leads not to that better ſelf, my deareſt Lady Fillemore—Oh! how I envy that poor ſoul who lays at peace below.

Indeed, indeed, ſweet Prince, cries Lady Fillemore, I ſee no ray of comfort in our hopeleſs love—Our proſpect

is all dark and diſmal — no friendly glimpſe of light — not e'en the glow-worm's faint uncertain glimmer, to ſhew the narrow path of hope—In this unthinking giddy woman, methinks I read a uſeful leſſon—Let us, my lord, take prudent counſel e'er it is too late—You could not bear, I am ſure—your love is of that honourable ſtamp—you could not bear to have my name the food of hungry tale-bearers — the topic of diſcourſe in routs and idler coffee-houſes—you could not bear to ſee the finger of invidious ſcorn—the palſied head of pity —and the prudiſh ſhrug of mean hypocriſy—Where'er we paſs, we neither of us could bear it—While we are of the world—diſguiſe it as we may—we cannot bear the ſneers and frowns of the world with indifference.

Wound not my ſoul, ſweet angel, cries the Prince, with ſuch diſmal reflexions — whate'er you feel — whether you are right or wrong—will pierce me

to

to the quick—Why would you ſeek a leſſon in a tale—that is no more to you than perfidy to juſt reſentment?—Had you been married to the kind and tender youth whoſe fate we have heard—I ſhould have loved but languiſhed in deſpair—and when the mind is once ſecured in its own conſcience—and ſtands ſelf-juſtified, it ſmiles at all attacks—and defies the edge of keeneſt calumny.

With men, ſays Lady Fillemore, I grant it may be ſo—but no ſuch fortitude e'er dwells within a female breaſt—it is no characteriſtic of our ſex—Whene'er ſuch fortitude is found in woman—whene'er ſhe ſhrinks not at the reflexion of a blaſted reputation—whether the cauſe be founded well or ill—ſhe rarely weighs the ſanctity of means, whatever is her end.

You charm me with the greatneſs of your mind, replies the Prince—even while you are paſſing ſentence on my deareſt hopes.

Let

Let me conjure you then again, ſays Lady Fillemore, to be adviſed and quit your reſolution—which tends not to our happineſs—and muſt, if once diſcovered —prove your diſgrace and my undoing— Indeed, my lord, this ſtrange diſguiſe— the ſacrifice of rank—condition—and I fear too, reputation—employs my anxious thoughts when you are abſent—The inſtant you have left my ſight—my terrors paint to my imagination a diſcovery —I ſee you expoſed to the inſult of the rude licentious multitude.

This very morning an incident diſtreſſed my mind, tho' in the manner and circumſtance it ſometimes made me ſmile —Ere I left the inn the maid aſked me how I reſted—if I heard no noiſe in the night—and if I had not been diſturbed?

Lord, ma'am, ſaid ſhe, as my miſtreſs's grand-daughter and I were ſitting by the kitchen-fire—the whole houſe was in bed—and we had almoſt ſat the fire out—to finiſh a ſtory I was telling of a

ghoſt—for ſhe dearly loves to hear ſtories about ſpirits—tho' ſhe is terrified to death—and can ſcarce go about the houſe by herſelf in the day-time for fear of them—And juſt according to the ſtory I was telling—as the ghoſt of the ſweet-heart was to appear to the faithleſs young man—on a ſudden we heard the door open—and perceived the tread of feet entering the kitchen—The young girl ſcreamed out—and fell under the table—I was myſelf almoſt ready to fall into a ſwoon—for I once ſaw a ghoſt before—but my fear for the young girl—made me forget my own terrors—and I really thought ſhe was dead, ma'am—As ſoon as I looked round to the place from whence I thought the ſound came—I found the door ſhut—and I perceived that the noiſe came from the room over-head—I immediately took up the young girl from the ground, who was recovering from her ſwoon—and to ſet her mind perfectly at eaſe, I told her we were

miſtaken—the noiſe was in the fool's room—It was his door that opened—I ſuppoſe that the fool had walked in his ſleep—She was much recovered at this—and as we went to bed the poor thing clung faſt hold of me—You know, Betty, ſays ſhe, if the fool walks in his ſleep—we may meet him—We will lock our door—for in his ſleep he may miſtake, and not find his way back to his own bed.

I ſhould not have been diſpleaſed with the ſtory—which was heightened by the ſimplicity of the manner in which the wench told it—had I not been mortified—at the ſentiments theſe low creatures entertained about you—and to think that the idle fears—and vain imaginations of theſe poor wretches—who talk of ghoſts till they ſee them—and hear ſupernatural ſounds that exiſt no where but in their diſtempered brain—ſhould ſpeak of you as one reduced to the loweſt ſtate of humanity—In truth, my lord, I felt myſelf much lower—that all this ſacrifice

was made for me---You muſt, indeed you muſt quit this ſtrange reſolution---you cannot with all this mean diſguiſe elude a diſcovery---In vain will it then be to talk of innocence---appearances will be too ſtrong---we cannot hope to eſcape the cenſure of the world---that is half inclined to condemn before they examine the proof.

Do not deny me, deareſt life, replied the Prince---the only comfort you before had left me---I muſt not---I never can give up the only happineſs which now remains---of ſeeing---and converſing with my ſoul's delight---I never can refrain---I ſtill muſt follow ye---and reſt aſſured this deep diſguiſe will inſure us perfect ſecurity---To-morrow we ſhall arrive at ——, and while Lord Fillemore is abſent---you'll promiſe I ſhall ſee you every day in ſome of your groves---woods---walks---ſhrubberies---temples---or your grotto---I'll hover within a few miles---

and

and truſt to my diſguiſe, we will elude a diſcovery.

The next day Lady Fillemore arrived at her own houſe—and the Prince retired to a houſe about three miles diſtant.

SECT. XV.

LORD Fillemore would have been completely happy in his late conqueſt—if his triumph had not been interrupted by the unhappy fate of the young inn-keeper—but as ſoon as the dreadful news reached the ears of Mrs. Vainly—(for that was the name of the unfortunate young man her huſband) ſhe fell into a ſwoon—and remained dead to all appearance for many hours—at length returning to herſelf, and after ſeveral relapſes—ſhe began coolly to reflect upon her raſh elopement.

Tho' this young creature's pride and vanity had overcome for a time—the love

ſhe bore her huſband—ſhe did not yield to the wiſhes of Lord Fillemore—from a ſuperior affection for him—my lord had made no great impreſſion on her heart—The artful—ſly—inſinuating Reda—a female Machiavel in love intrigues—had filled her giddy head with notions of equipage—jewels—rich apparel—a houſe furniſhed with taſte and elegance—and what no leſs allured, that ſhe would far outſhine the greateſt beauties of the court—and even Lady Fillemore herſelf—The ſubtle and experienced tempter—dreſſed like an harmleſs milliner—ſaw the ſtrong workings in poor Vainly's mind—perceived the poiſon worked—and the intoxication had begun—Gay fancy, with her idle toys, was buſy in her active mind—and love was lulled to reſt.

Now, Reda, is your time—The chaiſe and four are ready at the door—leave not a moment for reflexion.

The

The knowing Reda wanted no hints—she ſnatched the critical moment—and the young victim arrived in London before ſhe well knew ſhe was ſet off from———.

Tho' every art was uſed to keep the dreadful conſequences of her infidelity a ſecret from Mrs. Vainly—it was not very long before ſhe heard the fatal news—The vain and idle toys—the empty bubble for which ſhe had made the ſacrifice of what ſhe held ſo dear—appeared no longer with thoſe charms—that had enchanted and bewitched her ſimple mind—but when ſhe found theſe toys with which ſhe had been playing with ſuch delight—were vipers, aſps, and ſcorpions, and had ſtung the precious life of her dear love—ſhe could no longer bear them—ſhe could no longer bear the thoughts of Lord Fillemore—ſhe could no longer bear herſelf—ſhe wept and groaned, and raved with wild deſpair—In vain did all about her try

to ſoothe and calm her mind to reſt—At length, abandoned to deſpair, ſhe left the houſe, having firſt put on the clothes in which ſhe left her own houſe—the day, the fatal day to her and her dear huſband.

SECT. XVI.

WHEN Lord Fillemore returned to dine with his new love—he heard with wonder and aſtoniſhment the account of her frantic grief—and of her ſtrange departure—his heart was touched with the relation—he loved, he adored her—ſhe muſt be ſought—ſhe muſt be found—he could not live without her.

But all ſearch was vain, ſhe was not to be found—No pains were ſpared by all his diligent emiſſaries, yet no tidings to be had.

Grieved, vext, and angry, Lord Fillemore deſpaired of ever ſeeing her again.

In

In the midſt of this diſtreſs a letter was brought to his lordſhip—He reads—

" My Lord,

" IF you have a wiſh to ſave your " wife from ruin, and yourſelf from " diſhonour—haſten to your own houſe " at ——, where the Prince viſits her " in the diſguiſe of a ſimple country " 'Squire—It is your own fault if you " don't improve this hint

" From your unknown friend,

JACK SPRATT."

Lord Fillemore having loſt the object of his love, was the more readily diſpoſed to turn his thoughts toward the object of his averſion—and this letter, he was convinced, came from a friendly monitor—The information was not to be doubted—the hint by no means to be neglected—and tho' he knew his faithful

Stevens

Stevens was not idle in the buſineſs—he thought this unknown friend might furniſh certain proofs—which he might poſſibly with-hold if he found his counſel ſlighted—He determined to ſet out immediately—no time was to be loſt.

SECT. XVII.

NOW, reader, do I gueſs—whether you are man or woman—young or old—gentle or ſimple—you have a ſtrange longing to know who this unknown friend—this guardian of Lord Fillemore's nuptial bed—may be—I know many of you will ſuſpect, ſome love-ſick youth, fearing the Prince will prove too powerful a rival—thinks by this ſtratagem to ſeparate the lovers, and then he may have hopes—There poſſibly may be others who ſhrewdly ſuſpect ſome luckleſs nymph enamoured of the Prince—hopes by ſuch means to draw him from

from Lady Fillemore—and then ſecure him to herſelf.

And theſe have gueſſed right — for the young, handſome, wanton Mrs. Balaam had lately ſat next to the Prince at Soho aſſembly—and taking his free and affable behaviour—his lively chat for proof of an abſolute conqueſt—ſhe doubted not but in a ſhort time to find his Royal Highneſs become her humble ſuitor—Nothing leſs run in her giddy head—and all the way in her return home—her vain imagination repreſented to her the young Prince kneeling at her feet.

SECT.

SECT. XVIII.

OH! Mr. Balaam, ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as ſhe got home—you don't know what a conqueſt I have made to-night—Lord, lord, you have ſat in your compting-houſe—till you almoſt prefer Queen Ann's face on a guinea—to her's you once dwelt upon with rapture—I vow I thought I was grown old and ugly—for you have not ſaid a civil thing to me theſe ſix months—but thanks to my kind ſtars—I find my charms as powerful as ever—It is you grow old, Mr. Balaam, and not I—Oh! had you ſeen the Prince's eyes when they met mine—and felt his velvet palm, when with the genteeleſt freedom he took me by the hand—Had you——

Hey dey! cries Mr. Balaam, what are you about?—Are you mad, Mrs. Balaam?—Are you going to entertain me with

with the progreſs of cuckoldom?—Am I to be the confidant of my wife's amours?"—Do you forget—you crazy mad-cap—that I am your huſband?

No, Mr. Balaam, ſays ſhe—I wiſh you forgot that you are my huſband no oftener than I do—I am not changed—I am always ready to make you happy, Mr. Balaam—you ſhall be happy—I'll give you fortune and a title, Mr. Balaam—You boaſted often to me, your compting-houſe would make you roll in riches—but you have found as well as I—tho' from your compting-houſe you correſpond with Mexico and Peru, but little of their treaſure is conſigned to you—I will bring you greater riches—you ſhall draw upon the Britiſh treaſury—you ſhall have contracts with government, Mr. Balaam.

I have had one contract with you, my dove, cries Mr. Balaam to himſelf—and I have ſeen but little profit yet.

You

You are muſing, Mr. Balaam---you mind not what I ſay---provoking man---I vow you would make the dumb to ſpeak---I tell you, I will make you a Crœſus---a Gideon---a Dundas---you ſhall have what contracts you pleaſe---you ſhall be rich as you deſire---and you ſhall be---believe me, you ſhall---Sir Nathan Balaam---but not a knight, a poor pitiful knight---a title given to any that carry up addreſſes to the throne---to ſhew their love and loyalty to the king and his good government---you ſhall be a baronet---I will make you a baronet, Sir Nathan---In ſhort, I'll make you what I pleaſe.

But, my ſweet love, ſays Mr. Balaam---I prithee call me not Sir Nathan yet---But what am I to barter for theſe mighty bleſſings?---What commodity will the Prince expect in the exchange?---You know we merchants count our gains---and rate the profit or loſs in money-matters—

ters---by the courſe of exchange---Am I to part with thee, my dear?

Good heavens bleſs us! cries Mrs. Balaam---what animals you cits are!---You think of nothing but money all day---and dream of nothing but horns all night---Did you imagine, Mr. Balaam---if I may not call you Sir Nathan---that I married you to do nothing but to ply my ſampler above in my chamber---while you pore below in your compting-houſe?---Surely, Mr. Balaam, while you ſpend all your time with your correſpondents in foreign parts---I may employ a little of mine in correſponding with ſome friends in my own country---and are my connexions the worſe, the more I can employ them to your advantage?---And do you think there is more danger of what you citizens are ever dreading---from the Prince, or any other great man---than from Mr. Goatly, your neighbour---or Aaron Monkidore, your hand and glove friend?---Indeed, my dear,

you

you cits are all wrong---Becauſe the wits and playhouſe wags amuſe the town with the London cuckolds---you are all more orthodox in the players creed than in the apoſtles---Let others, if they like it, be ſuſpicious---but you, my dear Mr. Balaam, before we married, had ſubſtantial proof of my fidelity---Virtue that has once been proved, ſhould never more be doubted---What have I done, you cruel man, that you ſhould now ſuſpect me?—ſays ſhe, weeping---Your cruel accuſations will break my heart---You do not love me now, and care not how ſoon you kill me, continued ſhe, ſobbing bitterly.

Mr. Balaam fearing his wife was going into fits, rung the bell to get ſome harts-horn --but the ſervant thinking his maſter was preparing for bed, brought in his banjan, coat, and ſlippers, with the red cloth cap, lined and turned up all round with cambrick---Mrs. Balaam recovering, and perceiving her huſband much alarmed, deſired he would put on

his

his night-attire---She wiſhed to go to bed ---and ſaid, if ſhe had a good night, ſhe might be better in the morning.

Pleaſed with his eſcape, Mr. Balaam obeyed his wife's commands---and patting her on the cheek---you will forgive me, dove, I know---I will not contradict you---I will do what you pleaſe, ſweet love.

Then you ſhall be Sir Nathan——.

I will be any thing you pleaſe---your Prince and you ſhall make me what you pleaſe---By this dear kiſs you have ſealed my pardon.

Come then, Sir Nathan, let us go to bed.

With all my heart, my lady, ſays Mr. Balaam.

And arm in arm up ſtairs the turtles went.

And now we will lock the chamber-door. - - -

Oh Cupid! with your train of little loves, hover round the happy bed—and Hymen, with your nuptial torch, ſtand guardian of the merchant's brows—nor you, Lucina, diſdain in proper time to come propitious to the happy fair.

SECT. XIX.

MISTRESS Balaam hearing the Prince was fond of Lady Fillemore, was jealous of a rival—and ſent the friendly letter to her lord—to warn him of impending miſchief.

Lord Fillemore, tho' he wiſhed to loſe no time—could not take the direct road to his own houſe—He could not bear the reflexion which muſt occur, ſhould he paſs through the town where the ſcene of the late dreadful incident lay—for tho' no man went greater lengths than Lord Fillemore—and gave a looſer rein to his paſſion

paſſion for women—it did always hurt him when the means were not to be juſtified—Nothing can well deſcribe his miſery whenever he reflected on poor Vainly's death.

But ſtrange repentance this, that works not amendment—Vain and idle are the feelings of the heart which don't reform it.

Lord Fillemore could not bear the thoughts of Vainly's death—and therefore went another way—turning his eyes from ſorrow to reſentment.

SECT. XX.

POOR Lady Fillemore little thought what had paſſed—and the miſchiefs that were in ſtore for her.

The day after ſhe arrived at her own houſe, ſhe, at the preſſing inſtance of the Prince, furniſhed him with keys, by which he had acceſs to all the private walks—groves—ſhrubberies—temples and the grotto—and thus the unfortunate lovers breathed forth their love-ſick ſtrains without interruption—and indulged without reſerve, their fruitleſs paſſion—Yet were theſe joys not unallayed from the fears and terrors of Lady Fillemore—who never parted without earneſt entreaties, prayers and tears, that they might meet no more—Still they met again the next day—and all thoſe ſecret meetings could not eſcape the watchful Argos, the faithful Stevens—

He

He knew the Prince in his diſguiſe—He was no ſtranger to any thing that paſſed —and treaſured for his maſter a circumſtantial journal of each minute occurrence.

SECT. XXI.

THE Prince, tho' he kept hovering within a few miles of Lord Fillemore's ſeat — thought it prudent frequently to ſhift his quarters—and not to ſtay too long in any one place—He particularly choſe to avoid the public towns and large inns—and reſided principally in the villages and hamlets in the neighbourhood — little ſolicitous about what accommodation he ſhould meet with.

His liberality wherever he went—inſured him the utmoſt endeavours of all thoſe with whom he reſided—and as nobody had any other proof of the

weakneſs of his underſtanding—the idea of which was ſtill kept up—than Geddings' account, he ſtill met with as much reſpect as the people of the country could ſhew—and every one ſeemed deſirous of obliging whenever he gave them an opportunity.

After leaving Lady Fillemore one afternoon—he went to a village within four miles of her houſe.

Obſerving a neat-looking inn, which ſeemed to have a better ſupport than accidental travellers—he reſolved to alight, and ſtay there at leaſt that night.

The Prince and his attendants alighted, and he was ſhewn by the landlord into a room—He was pleaſed with the appearance of all around him, which was coarſely ruſtic—but every thing appeared cleanly and wholeſome—and a deſire of pleaſing was manifeſt in the countenance of every one—He ſaw the landlord was more of a farmer than the inn-holder—and was more indebted to his

his farm, which was about 50*l.* a year, than the inn—for the ſupport of himſelf, his wife and ſix children—He was a little patriarch—every one about him was of his own family—The hoſteſs had the care of the kitchen—the labour of which ſhe divided with her ſecond daughter—as the huſband did that of the cellar with his ſecond ſon—The eldeſt ſon had the principal management of the farm, and had the care of the team—and the more ordinary buſineſs was left to the youngeſt ſon—The eldeſt daughter had the care of the dairy—and the youngeſt acted as houſe-maid, and chamber-maid to the travellers.

The landlord was ſcarce obliged to purchaſe any neceſſaries or conveniencies for his own family or for travellers—his own farm almoſt ſupplied him with every thing—It produced his wheat for the bread, which was made by his eldeſt daughter—as it did the barley for the beer, which he brewed himſelf—The

home-conſumption of butter and cheeſe was ſupplied by his own dairy—Pork, bacon, and poultry of every kind was reared and fatted by his youngeſt ſon—And as every thing which thus came into his kitchen was the beſt of the kind —the landlady, who had been cook to Sir George Hearty in the neighbourhood, took care they ſhould not ſuffer in her hands—and tho' every part of the family was thus employed in the menial offices of the farm—every one ſeemed to vie with the other in cleanlineſs of their perſon—They were none of them handſome—but the women were freſh, florid, comely, and of clean wholeſome complexions—the men ſtout and well made—they were plainly branches of the ſame ſtock --- and the good-nature, chearfulneſs, and readineſs to pleaſe, which run throughout this family, made ample amends for any want of elegance of form or features.

I re-

I received, ſays the Prince to Geddings, more pleaſure from this ſcene, than I ever found in any other family throughout theſe kingdoms---Where is there a family managed with ſuch wiſdom?---Here is cleanlineſs without trouble---œconomy with liberality---labour without toil---they ſeem happy in themſelves---and earneſtly wiſh to make others ſo.

SECT. XXII.

THE Prince, with Geddings, while ſupper was getting ready, walked about a mile from the village---where they had ſtrayed through the moſt private walks---They arrived on a ſudden in ſight of a houſe ſtanding in the moſt retired ſituation---It was ſmall, but built with an elegant front---and tho' it ſhewed the owner was not poſſeſſed of a very opulent fortune---it carried the appear-

ance of taſte and elegance---It was placed upon a lawn, with a ſmall wood behind it at a little diſtance---A handſome plantation on each ſide---cloſing towards the houſe---left it ſtanding in a boſom---and the other ends ſtanding rather diverging from the houſe to the extremity of the lawn on each ſide---were there terminated by a beautiful brook not very narrow---that flowed at the foot of a ſteep hill that ſtood in front---The owner ſeemed ſtudiouſly to have contrived every thing for the purpoſe of retirement---and wiſhed to confine every worldly idea within this circle, for to the right and left of this houſe lay a beautiful proſpect---which he had induſtriouſly excluded by his own plantation --- and not from a defect of taſte---for every thing within his circle ſhewed an excellent fancy---He appeared deſirous of ſhutting out the great world ---and enjoying his own creation in miniature.

SECT. XXIII.

WHILE the Prince was at ſupper he was very deſirous of learning the perſon's ſtory who poſſeſſed the place he had ſeen.

Oh! Mr. Fainwell's, ſays the landlord—He has long been at variance with the world—tho' the world has never been ſo with him.

The Prince remembered the ſtory—but Geddings appearing not to be acquainted with it—he ſuffered the landlord to proceed.

Yes, Mr. Fainwell, continues the landlord, was once one of the beſt players of his time—His figure was pleaſing—and I've heard 'em ſay, his addreſs had as much of the man of faſhion in it as any one upon the ſtage—He was univerſally admired as an actor, and courted and careſſed in every company—It happened

that

that Lord —— for the amuſement of his family and his friends—would have a play performed in his own houſe—his children choſe each of them characters ſuited to their abilities in the art—My lord, who was pleaſed with the idea, and wiſhed to ſee his children acquit themſelves with credit, looked upon the ſtage for an inſtructor — Mr. Fainwell was pitched upon for this purpoſe—and he demeaned himſelf ſo much to the ſatisfaction of the whole family—that he was invited to take one of the characters in the play.

His pleaſing perſon — his gay and lively deportment — together with his wonderful good-nature and deſire of pleaſing—recommended him to the whole family—but more particularly to Lady Juliet, my lord's eldeſt daughter—Her good ſenſe made her ſtruggle for ſome time to reſiſt a paſſion that muſt be diſagreeable to her family—and would be condemned by the world—but ſhe ſtruggled

gled in vain—the arrow had gone too deep—ſhe could be happy with no other man—In ſhort, ſhe could not live without Mr. Fainwell.

When ſhe at length gave up the ſtruggle—ſhe was not anxious to conceal her paſſion from Mr. Fainwell himſelf—He perceived it—but was determined not to diſcover by his own conduct that he did ſo—He liked the lady—but ſaw it impoſſible to obtain the conſent of the family—and he diſdained the thoughts of marrying without—as he had ever been ſo kindly received by every part of it—At length he was forced to explain himſelf—Lady Juliet had no doubt, ſhe ſaid, of obtaining her father's conſent.

A private courtſhip was carried on between them for ſome time—but it was not eaſy to conceal it long—It came to the ears of Lord ———, who examined the young lady on the ſubject—She had too much regard to truth to deny her paſſion—when the queſtion was put to her

her ſhe confeſſed it—and upon her knees intreated her father to conſent to her happineſs.

My lord was inexorable—and concerted with his friends and relations every method to prevent it—Lady Juliet could not, and Mr. Fainwell now would not give up their affection—The young lady was miſerable at her diſappointment—The lovers ſaw nothing that could make them more ſo than the propoſed ſeparation—They reſolved to marry, and leave it to the force of natural affection—or the interceſſion of friends for a reconciliation.

They were privately married—My lord was for ſome time incenſed, and refuſed to ſee them—but the huſband of his daughter muſt not remain upon the ſtage—A propoſal is made to him to quit his profeſſion—and rely on the favour and generoſity of his father-in-law—For the ſake of his wife he conſents—he quits the ſtage—He ſoon found the

expected

expected reconciliation was only a baniſhment of both from their relations and friends—they muſt be ſent out of the way—that they might not diſgrace their family—Mr. Fainwell conſented to live abroad upon a liberality which produced but half the income he received from his profeſſion when he was ſingle—He conſented without a ſigh—he repined not at any hardſhip impoſed by the father of Lady Juliet — They lived thus in exile for ſome years—but finding a more favourable reconciliation not to be expected—they ſued for a permiſſion to return from tranſportation—to live upon the ſame income here.

Having been thus ſucceſsful, they took the houſe you have ſeen upon a long leaſe—which Mr. Fainwell fitted up, and new fronted in the manner it now is—and reſolving to retire entirely from the gaping world — he encloſed himſelf with plantations, except as to the hill which is in front—They live almoſt entirely

entirely within themſelves—ſhunning all ſociety—they are ſtill completely happy with each other—and their children are four, two boys and two girls—he educates the former, and ſhe the latter—They are both muſical—and ſhe has an exquiſite taſte for drawing—and he has great ſkill in deſigning natural landſcapes—It is ſaid by their ſervants they have great reſources for amuſement within themſelves—and tho' they won't mix in ſociety, their houſe is a conſtant ſcene of mirth and joy—They complain of the ill uſage of the world—they cenſure the whole for the conduct of an individual—The world has ever admired, eſteemed, and revered him, and ſtill remains the ſame—People in general cenſure my lord and his family—who have millions among them, for leaving this couple to live upon ſo ſcanty an income—but I ſcarce believe, for my part, that millions would make them happier than they are.

You judge of them from yourſelf, ſays the Prince—we are obliged to you for your account—Geddings preſently after ſupper left the room, to make enquiry about the beds.

I wonder, ſays the landlord to Geddings, as they were ſtanding by the kitchen-fire, to hear you ſay Mr. Morgan is of a weak underſtanding.

He is only ſo at times, replies Geddings, and I am forced to be upon the watch.

SECT. XXIV.

THE Prince had no ſooner left Lady Fillemore, but Lord Fillemore came into the court-yard.

The ſudden appearance of his lordſhip brought no ſmall diſtreſs to Lady Fillemore—The ill temper with which he behaved towards her all the evening—did not make his appearance the leſs welcome—ſhe could not account for it—for ſhe did not ſuſpect he was privy to every interview ſhe had with the Prince—but the privy-counſellor Stevens had had a conference with my lord before ſupper.

The kind, tender and affectionate behaviour of the Prince—made his lordſhip's company ſtill leſs agreeable to her—and her mind was employed the whole night in contemplating the danger the Prince was now in—and tho' he had promiſed

miſed her to leave the country as ſoon as Lord Fillemore arrived, for fear of a diſcovery—ſhe was terrified, leſt not knowing of his arrival—he ſhould fall in Lord Fillemore's way—when he was ſeeking her in ſome of their accuſtomed walks—and what increaſed her diſtreſs—ſhe knew not where to ſend to him—if ſhe ſhould contrive to convey a note by a truſty hand—He had told her he ſhould ſhift his quarters—but he had not then fixed where he ſhould pitch his tent.

The whole night was employed in ſuch anxious diſquietudes—and in the morning ſhe determined to go into the ſhrubberies—groves—and accuſtomed privacies—where they uſed to hold their *tête-à-têtes*—tho' it was ſettled between her and the Prince at the laſt parting, that they were not to meet till the afternoon—As ſoon as the breakfaſt was over—ſhe walked out—and left no hole or corner unſurvey'd—no path untrod—where ſhe had ever before ſeen the

Prince—She ſtarted at every leaf that ſtirred—and every bird that fluttered through the ſhrubs—Every noiſe that ſtruck her ear, raiſed in her imagination it was the Prince and Lord Fillemore that had met—and ſhe heard the groans of the expiring Prince.

She could not long remain alone—the arrival of Lord Fillemore brought ſeveral of the neighbouring families to pay their compliments.

Her diſtreſs at dinner was viſible to all the company—they miſtook the cauſe of it.

When the ſecond courſe was bringing in—the butler came and told Lord Fillemore that the game-keeper had taken up two perſons—who were walking in the wood at the further end of the park—near the warren—and he verily believed them to be the poachers—who of late had deſtroyed ſo much game—By the deſcription Lady Fillemore concluded them to be the Prince and Geddings.

Let him bring them before me, ſays Lord Fillemore — and I'll commit the dogs to gaol.

Yes, bring them in with the ſecond courſe, ſays Mr. Fillemore, my lord's brother—If the raſcals won't let us have game to eat—let us feaſt upon the game-ſtealers themſelves—Let him bring the priſoners into open court—and they ſhall have the honour of being tried by the ladies.

The inſtant the door opened—Lady Fillemore expecting to ſee the Prince introduced as a priſoner—fell back into her chair, and fainted away.

In this condition ſhe lay for ſome minutes—tho' every effort was made to recover her—At length returning a little to herſelf—ſhe overheard the butler ſay to Lord Fillemore—that the game-keeper had carried the poachers before 'Squire Trevanion—not caring to trouble his lordſhip, as he had company.

This was ſome preſent relief to Lady Fillemore—as ſhe ſhould not have the mortification of being an eye-witneſs to the Prince's diſgrace—But ſhe inſtantly foreſaw that this unlucky accident muſt occaſion the fatal diſcovery which ſhe ſo much dreaded.

She was ſorry, ſhe ſaid, for the confuſion her indiſpoſition had occaſioned—begged the company would excuſe her—and ſhe would retire to her room—and ſo taking her kind neighbour Mrs. Ransfield along with her, ſhe left the room.

This ſudden diſorder of Lady Fillemore had thrown every thing into confuſion—There was a viſible concern in every face—except Lord Fillemore's—The anxious ſolicitude—and the frequent enquiries of the company about her ladyſhip's recovery—made Lord Fillemore think it decent to go and enquire after her health himſelf.

Lady

Lady Fillemore was much ſurprized at this unuſual kindneſs—and knew not how to account for it.

And what have ye done with your priſoners, my lord? ſays Lady Fillemore—with a faint and feeble tone—frightned to death to hear the anſwer.

They were not brought before me, replies Lord Fillemore—but were carried before Trevanion—and he has committed them to the county gaol.

Is the Prince there? ſays Lady Fillemore, haſtily.

Who! ſays Lord Fillemore, as haſtily—and not receiving an anſwer—what did you ſay, Lady Fillemore?

I wanted my woman, replies Lady Fillemore—to bring me ſome drops.

Lord Fillemore left the room—he had got his doſe—He knew what was running in her head—but he did not know all that was in her ladyſhip's thoughts—He knew his arrival was an interruption to her meetings with the Prince—and

attributed her ſudden diſorder to this cauſe—He did not ſuſpect her anxiety was about the poachers.

As ſoon as Lord Fillemore retired—Lady Fillemore gave vent to her tears—wept bitterly, and went at laſt into an hyſteric fit.

As ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf—ſhe gave a looſe to the violence of her grief, which greatly alarmed every body in the houſe—except Lord Fillemore and Mr. Fillemore—who thought they knew the cauſe—and the reflexion of the Prince being confined, drove her almoſt to diſtraction—She was ſometimes at a loſs to gueſs why he did not diſcover who he was—rather than ſubmit to ſuch wretched indignity—Then ſhe imagined he was ignorant of Lord Fillemore's arrival—and thought to get releaſed ſome how or other by her means—and at all events to avoid declaring himſelf till the laſt extremity—One time ſhe was angry with him for perſiſting in his raſhneſs—but

ſhe

ſhe ſoon accuſed herſelf as the author of all his diſtreſs—She reſolved never to ſee him more—The miſery of abſence appeared leſs than the diſquietudes they endured from their meetings—She only wiſhed to ſee him once more—to let him know her reſolution—but alas! where muſt ſhe ſeek him—The idea of his preſent ſituation ſtung her to the ſoul.

And thus did the unfortunate Lady Fillemore diſtreſs herſelf the whole night.

SECT.

SECT. XXV.

WHEN the Prince was at breakfaſt the next morning—he could not refrain from expreſſing to Geddings frequently the ſatisfaction he had received from the appearance of every thing he had ſeen—ſince he had been in that houſe—The neatneſs—cleanlineſs—and wholeſome comforts there were in every part—the unaffected induſtry to pleaſe in every one of the family—gave him infinite delight.

While Geddings, after breakfaſt, was ſtanding at the inn-door with the hoſt—up came the youngeſt ſon—and told his father he had ſeen a hare ſitting in the home-cloſe.

Perhaps the gentleman and you, ſir, ſays the hoſt, turning to Geddings—would like to ſee the courſe—We have a brace of good dogs of Sir George's—

and

and I think we ſhall ſhew you good ſport.

'Squire Morgan will not chuſe it, anſwered Geddings — but I will accompany you with all my heart.

As it was the cuſtom of this family to contribute as much as poſſible to each other's pleaſure—notice was given every where of the intended courſe—An uproar immediately aroſe in the kitchen—which being not far from the parlour where the Prince ſat—it raiſed his curioſity to ſee what was the matter—He found the confuſion was among the whole family — occaſioned by the intended ſport—not, however, about who ſhould go — but who ſhould ſtay at home — The hoſteſs inſiſted that ſhe would ſtay at home—upon which the ſons and daughters, knowing ſhe liked the amuſement—for in fact the father and mother were as young in every thing but years, as their children — inſiſted each that they would ſtay at home—and the

the father was juſt going to put a ſtop to the amiable conteſt, by declaring he would ſtay at home himſelf — But he recollected—he knew of a woodcock or two in the adjoining ſpinnies—which he would ſhew Mr. Geddings when the courſe was over—and his children returned to their buſineſs—The hoſt then joined his wife, who ſeemed deſirous that her children ſhould go—and put an end to the matter—The Prince was ſo pleaſed at the novelty of this ſcene, that he reſolved to be of the party.

Out they all ſallied—male and female —except the hoſteſs — The elder ſon had the care of the greyhounds — the youngeſt led to the place where the hare lay—and the ſecond ſon took the command of the two pointers—with which he kept in the rear—The hoſt and Geddings carried each a gun, and the Prince, as well as his aſſumed character would permit—entered into diſcourſe with the girls.

They

They were preſently joined by a tall ſtout well made handſome fellow—the picture of health and vigour ——

Good morrow, neighbour, ſays he.—

A ſhort time brought them to the hedge where the hare lay—The wenches ſeemed as eager and as expert in the buſineſs as their brothers — and they were not leſs nimble and ſwift afterwards in the purſuit—As the youngeſt ſon with the two youngeſt ſiſters got on the hedge-ſide to make puſs take to the open fields—away ſhe ſcuds through the middle of a large meadow — and the boys and girls after her almoſt as faſt as the dogs—Let us ſtay here, cries the hoſt—I know the dogs well—I warrant they'll turn her before ſhe gets to the next hedge—the boys know it too—but they don't want to ſave their legs—The dogs preſently turned their game—which took back again to the place where ſhe had ſat — and flew directly through a mews that ſhe had made behind her form.

The

The eldeſt daughter in the purſuit hit her foot againſt a dead ſtump in the ground—and down ſhe tumbled in the preſence of the whole company—The young farmer, who never left her ſide—picked her up in an inſtant—not without firſt placing right her clothes—which had flown up in the fall—The poor wench bluſhed—and the farmer looked pale—till he found ſhe was not hurt—Every body deſired her to run no more—and the young man was particularly preſſing that ſhe ſhould not.

The dogs followed the hare ſo cloſe that they ſoon brought her back again into the field—through another gap—and then ſhe bent her courſe as at firſt—to that part of the meadow which adjoined to a little copſe—the boys and the girls after them—the boys as ſwift as one could imagine—and the girls were ſo nimble—you would eaſily believe the companions of Diana had joined in the ſport—Poor puſs could not get

The landlord took the pointers, and offered to conduct the Prince and Geddings to the wood where he knew the cocks were—They had not gone above three or four fields—before the hoſt was accoſted by a man riding by—who aſked him if he had ſeen his lord—and the two other gentlemen with him—The hoſt anſwering that he had not—the man rid off.

Lord who? ſays Geddings to the hoſt.

Lord Fillemore, replies the hoſt.

He is not in the country, ſays Geddings.

That's one of his game-keepers, ſays the hoſt, who lives in the houſe.

The Prince concluding that Lord Fillemore had arrived the night before—determined to quit the country, as he could not think of meeting Lady Fillemore—with any ſecurity—while Lord Fillemore and his numerous attendants were at home.

But nothing diſtreſſed him ſo much in his preſent ſituation—as that the unexpected arrival of Lord Fillemore had prevented his ſettling any plan of correſpondence with her, or even of letting her know his reſolution of going to London.

He told the hoſt he was not very well—and wiſhed to return to his inn—They immediately repaired thither—and the hoſt being told that the young 'Squire's health required his going to —— for advice—the horſes were got ready immediately—and they ſet off for London.

SECT.

SECT. XXVI.

THE Prince at the firſt ſtage took a poſt-chaiſe—for the ſake of expedition—as he was anxious to write to Lady Fillemore under a cover of her ſiſter.

What a happineſs it would be for this country, ſays the Prince to Geddings—if every family was like that we have juſt left—what a frank—hardy—bold—virtuous race of people we ſhould be!

I ſhould think, my lord, ſays Geddings—the women would make as good ſoldiers as the men—I am ſure the wenches in the courſe ran as nimbly as the lads—I never ſaw a man run faſter than the eldeſt girl before ſhe fell—Egad ſhe was a fine limbed girl—but her ſimple Cymon would not let us examine her legs.

Indeed, Geddings, ſays the Prince, you put the young farmer to the bluſh—you hurt him much—I confeſs I was ſorry for him—I perceived his fears for the girl—who is plainly his ſweet-heart—affected his mind more than one ſhould at firſt expect in ſo ſtout a man.

I was angry, ſays Geddings, to ſee the hulking fellow pretend to be ſo modeſt.

Then you was wrong, Geddings, ſays the Prince—ſentiments of delicacy are as natural to a well-turned nervoſe mind—as gentility is to a well-formed true proportioned body—His love for this girl is a virtuous paſſion—and a fine ſenſibility will ever accompany a virtuous mind—whether it be found in the court or the cottage—This pair of lovers ſhould be happy—I ſhould wiſh to hear they were married—If money is the obſtacle, I will remove it—ſo much happineſs ſhould not be delayed a moment for a few paltry hundreds.

SECT.

SECT. XXVII.

THE inſtant the Prince arrived in town—he writes a letter to Lady Fillemore, and gets her ſiſter to direct it.

The receipt of this letter gave great comfort to Lady Fillemore—who, tho' ſhe had been relieved after two days from her miſtake about the Prince's confinement—ſhe was not till that moment ſatisfied he was out of danger—She had diſtreſſed herſelf with the notion—that the Prince ſtill hovered about the houſe—and terrified herſelf with the imagination of his being met by Lord Fillemore—or ſome of the ſervants, who might know him through his diſguiſe.

She ſpent almoſt her whole time in the accuſtomed walks—where they had been uſed to meet—yet not without dreading to ſee the man who was the object of her ſearch.

Her mind was now at eaſe—He was ſafe in London—ſhe had nothing to fear.

But lovers happineſs is ſhort-lived.

SECT. XXVIII.

THE Prince read one morning in a public news-paper—an advertiſement deſcribing himſelf and Lady Fillemore—declaring that they were ſurprized at the houſe of a milliner noted for intrigue—by the huſband of the lady—to the utter confuſion of the lovers.

Alarmed and confounded, the Prince was for ſome time at a loſs how to act—He knew what would be the ſentiments and feeling of Lady Fillemore upon reading ſuch an article—Cautious as he thought they had been—this news-paper proved their conduct had not paſſed unobſerved—and Lady Fillemore, who was before full of fears and apprehenſions—

would

would now, he thought, conclude her reputation blaſted for ever.

Sometimes this article appeared to him a fortunate event—as reputation ſeemed the only obſtacle to his happineſs—and when that was gone no obſtacle remained —But then he feared Lady Fillemore will never reaſon thus—She would contend, ſays he—if our meetings carry ſuch appearances of guilt—we ſhould meet no more—ſhe is ever too ready with that cruel ſentence—O cruel ſentence!—what meet no more!—that muſt not be —yet ſomething muſt be done—She will be in town in a few days—and then—No, I will meet her at St. Alban's—I will write to her—takes up the pen.

" My ever deareſt love,

" AS that dear mind of yours is ever " buſy to torment itſelf—and catch- " ing at every the minuteſt circumſtance " to interrupt our mutual love—doubtleſs

" a curſed article in a morning paper
" has not eſcaped your notice—I know
" your thoughts—your doubts—your
" fears—and all the feelings of your
" little heart—Here is a monitor within
" my breaſt that tells me all—We muſt
" conſult for future ſecurity—You ſhall
" ſee your faithful ſon of David again
" at St. Alban's—in your way to town
" —Let not, ſweet love, one anxious
" thought cloud that divine face in the
" mean time—And till we meet—em-
" ploy each thought, my love—on him
" who thinks of nothing night and day
" but you.

" Oh! bleſſings on that couch where
" firſt I learnt your heart was mine—
" that ſeat of all my happineſs—where
" I received the firſt aſſurances of my
" Harriet's love—Generous creature—
" how ſhall I expreſs my gratitude—
" Our favourite Prior ſhall do it for
" me.

Hear,

" Hear, ſolemn Jove and conſcious Venus, hear,
" And thou, bright maid, believe me whilſt I ſwear,
" No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
" The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.

" Let me know the minute that I am
" to be happy—It appears to me an age
" ſince I beheld that angel's face—and
" heard that ſweet ſeraphic voice—
" Adieu moſt lovely creature — and
" think on him who is

" Your truly devoted."

SECT.

SECT. XXIX.

LORD Fillemore had ſeen the adver-tiſement—and tho' he knew it was impoſſible to be true, as her ladyſhip was at two hundred miles diſtance from the ſcene of action—it was a confirmation in his mind of Lady Fillemore's guilt—The article he ſaid was true as to the fact—with an error only as to the time—Yes, yes, ſays he—nothing can be clear-er—the deſcription of the perſons re-moves all doubt about identity of the lovers—The milliner's houſe is the very place for their meeting—It's certainly true—And this meeting was before ſhe left town.

While his lordſhip was thus ſettling the goſpel authenticity of the news-paper—in comes Stevens with his lord-ſhip's letters—among which was the Prince's to Lady Fillemore.

How

How is this, Stevens? ſays my lord—a letter with my brother's frank—This muſt come from her ſiſter—and ſhe knows I am here—why not incloſe it to me?

For a very good reaſon, my lord, ſays Stevens—The letter does not come from her ſiſter—and your lordſhip ſhould not be truſted with the ſight of the writer's hand.

No, Stevens—baſe as I think her ladyſhip is—I would not break the ſeal of epiſtolary confidence.

Why, the government does, you know, my lord, ſays Stevens—when they ſuſpect an illicit correſpondence.

Nothing, I think, replies Lord Fillemore—can juſtify ſuch a breach of faith—either public or private.

I am ſorry for it, ſays Stevens.

Why are you ſorry, Stevens? cries my lord.

Becauſe you cannot read the Prince's letter, my lord.

The

The Prince's letter! cries Lord Fillemore—with an air of ſurprize—What makes you think it's a letter from the Prince?

I have ſeen his hand often, my lord—and I hope your lordſhip will not condemn my zeal in your ſervice—I opened the folds of the cover without breaking the ſeal—and I will ſwear the incloſed is of the Prince's hand writing.

Have a care, Stevens, you don't lead me into a ſcrape—I ſhall never forgive you if this letter is not the Prince's.

My life ſhall anſwer it, my lord, ſays Stevens.

And without waiting for any orders—breaks the ſeal—and before Lord Fillemore had time to approve or condemn—he throws the letter, with the Prince's ſignature, upon the table.

There, my lord—I ſee *your truly devoted* already—Your lordſhip may read the reſt.

You

You ſhall copy this letter, Stevens, ſays my lord—and then ſeal it up again.

Stevens followed his lord's directions—and then carried the letter to the unſuſpecting Lady Fillemore.

SECT. XXX.

IT'S very well, ſays Lord Fillemore—as he ſat by the fire—holding the copy of the Prince's letter in his hand—I think, Macaroni, I have proof now—The Prince pleads guilty here under his own hand—*Interrupts your mutual loves*—ſays Lord Fillemore, looking on the letter—And ſhe ſhall ſee *her faithful ſon of David at St. Alban's*—again, ſhall ſhe—but I believe, ſweet Prince, I ſhall interrupt your mutual loves there—*The couch*—Yes, I was ſure that couch was not uſeleſs furniture—What would you ſay now, Macaroni, to *the ſeat of happineſs?*—And there, ſir, you received *the*

firſt

firſt aſſurances of your Harriet's love—did you—and *your Harriet* too—By heavens, I wiſh ſhe was your Harriet—I am ſure I would not then interrupt your mutual loves—and hear the amorous Prince makes love in heroics——

The well-plac'd baſis of my laſting love.

Aye, that well-plac'd baſis is the couch—and you want to know the *minute you are to be happy*—Yes, ſir, that will be a critical minute to us both—and what you little think, young Prince. St. Alban's will be the ſcene—the well-plac'd baſis of our mutual happineſs.

He then rung the bell for Stevens—who coming——

We will ſet off, Stevens, before the family—and you ſhall be at St. Alban's ready—and watch theſe lovers—I think they cannot now eſcape us—I'll go to the milliner's hinted in the advertiſement—and find what foundation there has been for that ſtory—Order my chaiſe to the door immediately.

SECT.

SECT. XXXI.

THE female Jack Sprat—the little rantipole cit, Mrs. Balaam—had thrown herſelf a ſecond time in the way of the Prince—and conſtruing every compliment—for which ſhe was not a little induſtrious to bait her hook—into declarations of a violent paſſion—ſhe wondered that the Prince did not aſk what ſhe was almoſt ready to offer—that he might drink chocolate with her at her own houſe.

It's that woman, ſaid ſhe—that Lady Fillemore—who is the cauſe—She has bewitched the Prince—ſhe has blinded him—and depraved his taſte for beauty—I am ſure he loves me—but while his heart is thus divided—he will not own his paſſion—The ſpy that told me that the Prince was with her in diſguiſe—informed me ſhe was ſoon to be in town—

Yes, ſhe's now in town — I'll ſeparate theſe lovers—The town is already no ſtranger to their mutual affection—I'll realize their ſuſpicions—and taking up the pen—ſhe wrote the article which afterwards appeared in the papers.

SECT. XXXII.

WHEN Lady Fillemore had read the Prince's letter—her diſtreſs is not to be deſcribed—Her violent love for the Prince—her dread of public cenſure—her reſentment to Lord Fillemore—her anger at the malicious falſehood which ſhe had read in the papers—diſtracted her mind by turns—Sometimes ſhe reſolved, as uſual, not to meet the Prince—at others, to meet and take a laſt farewel—Then ſhe determined to feign herſelf ill—and continue in the country ſome time longer.

But

But the laſt reſolution, like the laſt will—is alone to be regarded—and when love is among the joſtling paſſions—it generally carries the day.

Lady Fillemore's laſt reſolution—was therefore to meet the Prince at St. Alban's.

In a few days ſhe ſet off from ——, and arrived at the appointed time at the inn—where the Prince was ready to receive her in his old diſguiſe.

Soon after Lady Fillemore had dined, ſhe retired to her chamber—where, as ſoon as a negus and candles were brought in—ſhe deſired not to be diſturbed—She was, ſhe ſaid, fatigued with travelling.

The Prince, who was not idle, found this was the favourable opportunity for the wiſhed-for interview—and accordingly ſtole into her ladyſhip's chamber.

The faithful Stevens was not idle neither—As ſoon as he got intelligence of the room which Lady Fillemore had

choſen—he contrived to bore a hole in the wainſcot, while her ladyſhip was at dinner—that might command every part of the chamber—and as ſoon as the Prince entered the room—he repaired to the place of obſervation.

SECT. XXXIII.

AND now, reader, ſettle with yourſelf—if you wiſh to know—for I cannot aſſiſt you—whether the Prince—Lady Fillemore—or the inquiſitive Stevens—was moſt diſtreſſed.

The Prince pleaded hard—notwithſtanding his former promiſes—vows—and proteſtations—for improving the preſent moment—Lady Fillemore was not leſs miſerable—at the cruel neceſſity that obliged her to refuſe what ſhe wiſhed as much as the Prince—She could not bear the thoughts of elopement—though in company with the Prince—

and ſhe was flying from her perſecuting lord—Her friends—her family—her children—every ſentiment of honour—virtue—and reputation forbid it.

Stevens ſaw from his peep-hole—Lady Fillemore ſitting on the ſide of the bed—not far from the head—the negus and the candles on the table cloſe by her—the curtains were drawn from the head cloſe to Lady Fillemore's arm—he could not ſee the Prince—the Prince was behind the curtain—He thought he could hear two voices—but he could not diſtinguiſh what was ſaid.

In this ſituation he ſtood upon a chair, with ſometimes one eye popped at the hole—and ſometimes another—and by turns each ear laid flat to the wainſcot—expecting every moment to ſee or hear—what might at that inſtant have made them all three happy.

But after ſome hours impriſonment in this pillory—and with his ear nailed as it were to the pannels—his patience

was quite exhauſted — Having heard ſomething which he could not underſtand—and having diſcerned ſomebody behind the curtain—whom he could not ſee—he began to doubt whether his eyes and ears had not deceived him—and ſometimes — which is common when people are fancying — he fancied he heard what the Prince ſhould have ſaid —and he had ſeen all which he wiſhed to carry to his maſter — He was now convinced it was ſo — and ſhould he burſt open the door — he ſhould find every thing as he deſired.

He was applying his hand to the lock — when caution plucked him by the ſleeve—and whiſpered a little louder than the Prince—that he had better call in the aſſiſtance of other eyes and other ears—leſt the faculties of his own eyes might have ſuffered by looking ſo long without ſeeing—and his ears by ſo long hearing ſomething, and diſtinguiſhing nothing.

Away

Away he runs to his friend the lieutenant — They repair together to the place of obſervation — but though the ſoldier had been more uſed to reconnoitre than Stevens—he was oftener an actor in intrigues than a ſpy.

But a ſoldier of fortune enters into any ſervice.

And he entered ſo heartily into this with Stevens—that when he had been upon duty for ſome time—he fancied he heard and ſaw every thing — which Stevens had related—or at leaſt it would be ſo—if they ſhould burſt into the room —and come upon the lovers by ſurprize.

It was reſolved to try.

The Prince having found there was no ſhaking the reſolution of Lady Fillemore—had juſt conſented to a ſeparation for a few months — at leaſt till the talk of the town ſhould ſubſide— and the preſent impreſſions were removed.

When on a ſudden the door tho' unlocked—flew open with the greateſt violence.

The Prince in his confuſion tore open his waiſtcoat—and Lady Fillemore, frightened to death—tore away her handkerchief from her neck—and attempting to make her eſcape—fell down in her confuſion—As ſoon as ſhe was raiſed ſhe diſcovered the author of all this violence.

Stevens being now ſenſible he had miſtaken the time for entering—thought ſome apology neceſſary for ſo abrupt an intruſion.

The ſoldier's heart began to fail him—but he could ſcarce believe his eyes when he diſcovered his miſtake—He could have ſworn he ſaw—what any ſpectator on the outſide of the peep-hole—would have ſeen, had he been in the Prince's place.

We ſhould not always judge of others from ourſelves.

What

What I have done, ſays Stevens—addreſſing himſelf to Lady Fillemore—is by my lord's commands—and you are not diſguiſed from me, ſir, turning to the Prince—I know your Highneſs—you are the Prince.

The noiſe had alarmed the whole houſe—and the words Lady Fillemore—intrigue—door broke open—Lord Fillemore's ſervants—ſurprized—had reached the kitchen—the ſcullery—the tap-houſe—and the ſtables—Every ſoul in the kitchen—the ſcullery—the tap-houſe—the ſtables—met together, almoſt at the ſame inſtant, in Lady Fillemore's chamber.

They kept a reſpectful diſtance from the lady—but they preſſed without reſerve upon 'Squire Morgan, the fool—and when Stevens declared he was not deceived by the diſguiſe—and ſaid, I know your Highneſs—you are the Prince—they all ſtarted back—and for

an inſtant—wiſhed themſelves again in their kitchen — ſcullery — tap-houſe— and ſtables.

But tho' the name and the ſight of a Prince—ſtartles the countryman like a ſudden clap of thunder—or a ſudden flaſh of lightning—the awe of the one is as ſoon over upon repetition, as the other.

They ſoon perceived the Prince was no leſs fleſh and blood than themſelves— They found in his preſent misfortune he was not a philoſopher—his pale look —the wildneſs in his eyes—the tremor in his joints — convinced them they had nothing to fear themſelves—and, as it generally happens—when awe and reverence quits the lower claſs of people— they have a greater degree of confidence and aſſurance than is ſuitable to their ſtation—The men began to ſmile—and the women to titter—Jokes—taunts— and jeers—flew about in whiſpers—but

whiſpers

whiſpers loud enough for any ears that were not employed like the Prince's and Lady Fillemore's.

They knew not what they heard—what they ſaw—what they ſaid—or what they were.

The diligent active attentive hoſteſs was not ignorant of the noiſe—She enquired whether the houſe was on fire—ſhe was told, it was not—ſhe enquired no further.

And why ſhould ſhe?—Was a limb broke—ſhe was no ſurgeon—was any body dead—ſhe could not bring them to life—if any body was ill—was in fits—dropped down by a paralytic ſtroke—there were people enough gone up to fetch a ſurgeon—an apothecary—a phyſician—Many paſſengers were to go in the morning—and they ſhould not wait for their bills.

But by accident while ſhe was ſcoring and figuring—the word intrigue interrupted

rupted her invention—a ſerious thing to a hoſt or hoſteſs — Her attention was raiſed to what occupied that of every body in the houſe.

Intrigue in my houſe! ſaid ſhe to herſelf---it will blow it up!

No wonder ſhe was alarmed as much as if there had been a fire---for blowing up is as bad as burning down.

Up ſhe haſtened as faſt as ſhe could---and before ſhe entered the room---ſhe had learnt the whole ſtory---and immediately running up to the Prince and Lady Fillemore ——

I am ſorry, ſaid ſhe --- curtſying demurely---for this interruption---And you creatures --- turning about to her own people---what are you doing here---why don't you mind your own buſineſs?

If Lord Fillemore, ſays the hoſtler---whiſpering loud enough for her to hear ---had minded his own buſineſs---all this had not happened.

Get

Get you gone, you impudent fellow, ſays the hoſteſs---why do you trouble your head with other people's buſineſs?

There is no harm in that, ſure, ſays the tapſter---without addreſſing himſelf to any body---when you have ſo great an example in the room.

As ſoon as they were gone--- Your Royal Highneſs, ſays Stevens---will be under no reſtraint from us---but we have Lord Fillemore's commands --- to put down in writing every thing that has paſſed.

The Prince proteſted nothing had paſſed --- which Lord Fillemore could cenſure --- tho' appearances were rather unlucky.

Tho' Stevens had told all he had ſeen ---he was ſure his Lord would not be ſatisfied of their innocence.

Good heavens! cries the hoſteſs---and have I kept this houſe ſo many years--- with an unſpotted reputation---and is my houſe

houſe at laſt --- to be blown up --- becauſe my lady was ſitting on the bed--- and the Prince in a chair near it! --- and you don't ſay, ſir, turning to Stevens ---you ſaw any thing elſe---And if you did ſay ſo, I am ſure it was falſe---for I never ſaw a better made bed in my houſe --- It is not the leaſt tumbled--- but where her ladyſhip was ſitting --- I have a great regard for my lord --- or for any lord---and I am ſenſible of the great obligation I lie under to your Highneſs and your ladyſhip to-night—but I muſt not have my reputation, which has ever been unblemiſhed — wantonly attacked—You know, ma'am, turning to Lady Fillemore—a wanton attack upon a woman's reputation—in my way, may be utter ruin—It might blow up my houſe—I am confident, ſir, addreſſing herſelf to Stevens—you will make my lord eaſy—I could ſwear nothing has paſſed here—but what may happen in any

any houſe—and I hope you will be cautious how you report any thing—that may blow up my inn.

Lady Fillemore was ſitting on the feet of the bed—with her hat over her eyes—The Prince, who ſat on a chair at ſome diſtance—would have been glad to have 'Squire Morgan's hat over his eyes—Stevens was employed in writing an account for his lord—and the lieutenant in looking at Lady Fillemore.

At length the hoſteſs finding ſhe had talked to perſons very little inclined to hear a lecture on reputation—dropped a curtſy—and left the room.

The Prince then took his leave of Lady Fillemore—and withdrew—as did Stevens and the lieutenant.

The hoſteſs was ſtill upon the figets for the character of her houſe—and harangued every one of her ſervants—ſhe convinced them no intrigue was intended——

But

But as ſoon as they conferred together —they forgot the arguments of their miſtreſs.

The arguments which—*I wiſh it might not be ſo* advances—have not more weight than what *I wiſh it may be ſo*, has to offer.

In truth—the men and the maids had nothing to do with the character of the houſe—and even the maids did not ſee their reputation could ſuffer in the preſent cauſe — There was not a doubt among the inhabitants of the kitchen—the ſcullery — the tap-houſe — or the ſtables — They were people of experience—they knew the power of nature—they were not mere ſpeculatiſts — they attended not to the trivial circumſtance of the bed — and the ſituation of the parties concerned—or even the entertainment received at the poſt of obſervation by Stevens and the lieutenant—They judged from nature and their own feelings—

feelings—they knew nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thouſand they ſhould be right.

And thus the Prince and Lady Fillemore were found guilty by a jury of chamber-maids—kitchen-maids—ſcullery-maids—tapſters—and hoſtlers.

SECT. XXXIV.

AS ſoon as Lord Fillemore had received the full account of what had paſſed at St. Alban's, he haſtened to his friend Sir Charles, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, he was gone out of town for ſome time—but ſeeing ſomething in the countenance of the ſervant which raiſed his curioſity—he aſked him where his maſter was gone—and the reaſon of his ſudden departure?

He is, by this time, my lord, ſays the ſervant, in Scotland—and putting the ring

ring upon Lady Lucy ——'s finger—In ſhort, ſir, he is married.

Married! ſays Lord Fillemore—and leaving the door—Macaroni married! ſays he to himſelf—what, my friend, who was too much in love with himſelf to conceive a paſſion for any woman, at laſt caught in the ſnare — but there's no danger of adultery—for tho' Lady Lucy is as gay, lively, ſenſible, and good-natured as ſhe's rich, if ſhe'd put on a ſuit of regimentals, ſhe would make as pretty a fellow as D'Eon at leaſt—What has worked this ſtrange alteration!

While he was thus ruminating he was ſtopt by Sir Richard Taſtely.

You have come, my lord, ſays he, from the houſe where I am going.

Then I can ſave you the trouble, ſays Lord Fillemore—He is not at home—he is gone into the country.

To Scotland, I hear, ſays Sir Richard, and with Lady Lucy ——.

So I find, replies Lord Fillemore.

Then I touch him for five hundred, cries Sir Richard—for I pitted my mother's death againſt his marriage for that ſum.

A very fair bet at the time of laying, replies Lord Fillemore—and not likely to be decided in a hurry—for an old woman never dies—and I ſhould have ſworn Sir Charles Macaroni would never marry.

Why, faith, ſays Sir Richard, I thought I had the worſe of the bet—but the knowing-ones, you know, are ſometimes taken in—and poor Macaroni has been confoundedly taken in indeed. —He has had a dreadful run of luck for ſome time—and loſt fifteen thouſand pounds but three nights before he ſet off for Scotland—But Scotland will ſet all right—for Lady Lucy has forty thouſand pounds, which he may have to-morrow —that will clear every thing—There's nothing like Scotland for repairing an Engliſhman's fortune.

'Tis but reaſonable, replies my lord—The natives of the country ſhould be grateful to us in return—as ſo many of them come to repair their own fortunes in England—But why did Lady Lucy run off?—Could Lady Belmont have any objection to the match?

She ſaid ſo, replies Sir Richard—She thought him too wild—and was ſure, ſhe ſaid, her poor dear lord had rather his niece ſhould marry the good Sir John Dartmouth—and therefore ſhe could not conſent—She ſhould think, ſhe ſaid—wiping her eyes at the time—her poor dear lord would not reſt in his grave if he could know it.

I believe, replies Lord Fillemore—ſhe would be very ſorry if he did not reſt in his grave.

I believe ſo too, cries Sir Richard—for he would ſpoil ſport if he was to riſe again—for this prudent—fond—loving—diſconſolate widow—has this morning

ing given her hand to—of all men in the world—Colonel Riot.

The deuce is in them—ſays Lord Fillemore—Sir Charles Macaroni does not ſurpriſe me more than this Lady Belmont—Colonel Riot was always her averſion—as matrimony was that of Sir Charles.

I muſt go and learn ſome further particulars, ſays Sir Richard, about Sir Charles's match—for I long to touch his five hundred—and ſo good morrow to you, my lord.

SECT. XXXV.

WHEN Lord Fillemore got home —he was told—by one of the perſons—he had employed to hunt after the unfortunate Mrs. Vainly—that a body was taken out of Roſamond's-pond—by the workmen who are filling it up—and, by the appearance, there was no doubt but it was this unfortunate creature—who had lain there for ſome time.

There was no expreſſing the miſery of Lord Fillemore at this news—he knew not where to run for conſolation—His friend Macaroni was in Scotland—he never wanted a friend more than at this time.

Diſtracted by grief for the fate of poor Vainly—and enraged at the ſuppoſed perfidy of Lady Fillemore—he knew

knew not what to do—nor where to ſeek advice or relief.

Out he ſallies, without thinking whither he was going—and of all places in the world—found himſelf in a quarter of an hour at the Counteſs of D——'s door.

Nothing can perhaps, at the firſt bluſh—appear more abſurd and fruitleſs—than Lord Fillemore's viſit to the Counteſs of D——.

Yet nothing is more natural—for enraged as he was with the Prince and Lady Fillemore—it was natural, without much reflexion—for him to ſeek vent for his rage—upon the perſon he conceived to be the contriver of all his ſufferings.

His ſufferings indeed were great—for whether it is the climate—or the influence of cuſtom—or the force of education—an Engliſhman cannot bear a rival in his bed—whatever he thinks of his fair partner—And though Lord Fillemore had before looked upon what

he thought had happened, to be the ſummit of human happineſs—nothing now appears ſo horrible to his mind as as the ſuppoſed perfidy of his wife.

He raved—ſtormed—ſwore—and ſtamped—are expreſſions too weak for ſuch reſentment as Lord Fillemore's.

SECT. XXXVI.

IN this humour he entered the drawing-room of the Counteſs of D—.

Her ladyſhip perceived the ſtate of his mind by every feature—the knit and lowring brow—the ſower eye—extended noſtrils—the cloſe compreſſed lips—all, or any of them, would unfold the workings of the mind within.

It was well they could—for his lordſhip could not.

The ſame difficulty did not reſtrain the lady's tongue—grief or anger has not the ſame effect in the different ſexes.

You ſeem angry, my lord, ſays the Counteſs—Has your rider run off the wrong ſide of the poſt?—Was you thrown out yeſterday in the fox-chace?—Have you loſt your money at Almack's?—or does your head ſuffer for laſt night's debauch?

A debauch, madam—and for which I am obliged to your ladyſhip—ſays Lord Fillemore—Aye, and upon that damned couch—pointing to it—Yes, that was the ſcene of action.

It muſt then have been in my ſleep, interrupts the Counteſs—for I remember nothing of ſuch debauch with your lordſhip—and have not the leaſt idea of what you mean about the couch—But, for heaven's ſake, my good Lord Fillemore—what are the dreadful conſequences of this imaginary debauch—and for which, you ſay, you are ſo much obliged to me?

Confuſion! madam, I am ſpeaking of my wife.

That's more perplexing ſtill, replies the Counteſs—Had I a debauch—to uſe your lordſhip's elegant expreſſion—with Lady Fillemore—or had your lordſhip?

Your ladyſhip chuſes to be dull, ſays Lord Fillemore—you know I am ſpeaking of the Prince and Lady Fillemore.

The dramatis perſonæ increaſes, replies the Counteſs—but if I was as bright as your lordſhip—I could not ſuppoſe the Prince was in the ſcene—before you brought him on the ſtage—Tell me, my lord, what you mean—and I am ready to give you an anſwer.

The Prince and Lady Fillemore played the devil on the couch—ſays Lord Fillemore.

And does your lordſhip think, replies the Counteſs—that I held a candle to the devil?—I ſhould ſuppoſe your lordſhip rather was a ſpectator on the occaſion—who ſeems to know ſo much of the matter—I have no curioſity, my lord—

lord—but I dare ſay your lordſhip could tell me what paſſed.

Are you not aſhamed, madam—to keep an houſe of aſſignation—for the diſhonour of your ſex—and make yourſelf a convenient to the unlawful paſſion of young men—and leave your very drawing-room for the purpoſe of intrigue—while you are out of town?

I know what you allude to, Lord Fillemore, ſays the Counteſs—The meeting was without my knowledge—and if you have heard the account of the woman who I left in the houſe—the moſt jealous huſband might be ſatisfied.

Satisfied, ſays Lord Fillemore—with his eyes flaſhing fire—I am ſatisfied—that the Prince is a villain—my wife a ſtrumpet—your ladyſhip an arrant bawd.

And do you mean to beat me, you foul-mouthed lord? ſays the Counteſs—with a ſmile of indifference—This language is below your ſtable and dog-kennel—But think, my lord, how I muſt

deſpiſe

deſpiſe the rage of a man—for the ſuppoſed falſehood of his wife—when his own perfidy is notorious at every tea-table in town.

Madam, ſays Lord Fillemore—my perfidy!

Sure, my lord, interrupts the Counteſs, you don't mean to deny it—But I don't want your lordſhip's confeſſion—I have proof of my accuſation, my lord—Mine are not bare ſuſpicions—and, going to a little cabinet that ſtood by her—Here, my lord—ſays ſhe, taking out a letter—do you know this hand-writing?—For ſhame, my lord—ſuch a complete wickedneſs—to involve the happineſs of three people at once—and if you think your wife is your property—as you licentious jealous huſbands ſeem to hold—by what right do you juſtify your deſertion of this Elizabeth Howard—and your execrable deſign upon the poor creature who is the ſubject of her letter?—I ſee you bluſh, my lord, and

ſo

ſo you ought—I mean not to preach—but I wiſh, for the ſake of Lady Fillemore, I could open your lordſhip's eyes—She is no ſtranger to your lordſhip's amours—and, in ſpite of all your unkind treatment—you might ſtill be happy with her—The Prince, perhaps—thanks to your lordſhip's unkindneſs—has made ſome impreſſion on her heart—but I know her virtue—and the regard ſhe has for her reputation—will ever be a ſufficient check to preſerve her honour—I am no ſtranger to the Prince's impetuous love—and hence the many appearances that furniſh matter for ſuſpicion to your lordſhip—and, notwithſtanding what I have heard of St. Alban's—I am convinced of her innocence.

Her innocence! ſays Lord Fillemore—and has ſhe ſtole a letter from my pocket, as a brief for her advocate—to prove her innocence?

Ungenerous lord, replies the Counteſs—it was not ſtole from your pocket—

nor

nor does Lady Fillemore even know the contents—She might have read as well as myſelf—but ſhe diſdains to look into the privacy of her lord—ſhe has heard too much.

It was told by your ladyſhip then.

No, my lord, replies the Counteſs—The couch—continued ſhe, ſmiling—as your lordſhip ſays—was the ſcene of action—The miſchief was all upon your lordſhip's couch—The letter tumbled out in ſtirring one of the cuſhions—and this female ſcrawl, I confeſs, raiſed my womaniſh curioſity—You ſee the miſchief of a couch, my lord.

His lordſhip diſcovered his error—He found this was not the houſe for advice or conſolation in his preſent diſtreſs—and to his great good luck, company coming in—gave him an opportunity of retiring from the enemy—which appeared too many for him.

SECT.

SECT. XXXVII.

LORD Fillemore was much diſturbed that the letter of Elizabeth Howard had fallen into the hands of the Counteſs—and the more ſo, as he knew he did not deſerve all which the Counteſs had in her thoughts about the contents.

For his lordſhip was ſo rouſed by the death of the young inn-keeper, and his apprehenſions for the poor creature that had left his houſe — that he began to reflect on the fatal conſequences of indulging his looſe paſſion for women —And before he heard of the dreadful end of Mrs. Vainly, he had made Elizabeth Howard as eaſy as ſhe wiſhed—and releaſed her from the diſagreeable buſineſs in which he had engaged her.

And you adviſe me to be reconciled to my wife, ſays Lord Fillemore to himſelf — do you, my dear Counteſs? —

and

and you think I might ſtill be happy with her.—I know not with whom I could be happy—I want no happineſs—I am prepared for miſery—and the greater the exceſs, the better ſuited to the preſent diſpoſition of my ſoul—Now, could I kill the Prince—this vile ſtrumpet—and then myſelf—but the Counteſs vows ſhe's innocent—It may be ſo—I will not therefore act with raſhneſs—it has plunged me into miſery enough already—No—let the laws of my country ſettle the point—I find it is not in my power to ſettle it—And if the law ſhould make me pecuniary reparation—by heavens I'll give it to the Magdalen—this will be ſome atonement for all the miſchief I have done.

SECT.

SECT. XXXVIII.

COME, come, my dear Lady Fillemore, ſays the Counteſs of D——, coming in to Lady Fillemore one morning—for heaven's ſake, do not torment yourſelf to no purpoſe—and for a mere nothing.

O my dear Counteſs! replies Lady Fillemore, overwhelmed with grief—and holding a letter of the Prince's in her hand—I am ruined—undone—loſt for ever!

Ruined—undone—loſt for ever!—child, returns the Counteſs—what then—why all theſe tears—theſe ſighs—theſe groans?—Are there not hundreds in this town—ruined—undone—loſt for ever—as you call it—who are the merrieſt—livelieſt—and moſt agreeable people in it?

But,

But, my dear Counteſs, ſays Lady Fillemore—'tis a poor conſolation for the loſs of what I ever held moſt dear—my reputation—To men of honour, endued with ſocial virtues—exile has ever been eſteemed worſe than death—but to be driven from our country—our friends—our children—bears no proportion to the miſery—of living in our country—odious to our companions—deſpiſed by our friends—and a diſgrace to our children—I cannot bear it—indeed, my dear, I cannot.

Tormenting creature, cries the Counteſs—how induſtrious you are to plague yourſelf—Here have you made a voyage to Rome—and lived backwards above two thouſand years—in a few ſeconds of time—to import a cargo of miſery ſuitable to your preſent affliction—Perhaps, my dear, your notions of reputation---love for your country---your friends---your children---might be all blended together in ſome Roman matron

tron of old---when as we find the female would-be—ſuicide---would rather lead a life of miſery without hope---than be expoſed by a law made for that purpoſe, without a ſhift after her death—But conſider, Lady Fillemore, where you are—You are in England, my dear—and in the year 1771—when your country—your friends—your children have but little to do with your reputation—unleſs you are unfortunate enough to be dependant upon the ſmiles and favours of the world—Be comforted, my dear—it is but a nine days wonder—Let fooliſh ſcandal have her hums and haws—her ſhrugs—her ſhake of the head—Let the prude pity—coquets titter—demireps cenſure—and the news-papers ſquib at you for nine days—you have then paſſed through the ſtate of your purgation—you have performed reputation's quarantine—and you'll be received again by people of all ranks, as if nothing had happened.

Well, I vow you are a ſtrange creature—you give up yourſelf to Lord Fillemore—whom you never loved, ſay what you will—for title and eſtate without a ſigh—and you now are drowned in grief—and in all the miſery of deſpair—becauſe you have indulged the man you adore—and who gave you in return love equal to yours.

What mean you, my dear Counteſs, ſays Lady Fillemore—how have I indulged?—By heavens, you miſtake me—I have, I confeſs, acted like a fool—a mad woman—an ideot—I have loſt my reputation—but my virtue is unſullied—Appearances are againſt me—my innocence can never be proved—The detection at St. Alban's muſt convict me—but, by my ſoul, I meant not a ſurrender of my honour—and at the inſtant Stevens burſt into the room—we had reſolved to part.

And is this really ſo? ſays the Counteſs, ſmiling archly—and looking with doubt-

doubtful eyes upon Lady Fillemore—I have endeavoured to make your lord think ſo—But is it really ſo, my dear?

Yes, by my ſoul, replies Lady Fillemore—with the utmoſt earneſtneſs—you're ſure, my dear, I would conceal nothing from your friendſhip—Indeed 'tis true.

I am ſorry for it, ſays the Counteſs—for then you have loſt the kernel—and only ſaved the ſhell.

And do you call virtue the ſhell? ſays Lady Fillemore.

With you, my dear—and all ſuch reputationiſts it is, replies the Counteſs—Reputation is not with you the guardian of your virtue—but you preſerve your virtue for the ſake of your reputation—when the ſubſtance is gone—the ſhadow ſhould not ſtay behind—Your caſe is truly provoking, my dear.

Grieved as I am—your rattling tongue will make me ſmile, cries Lady Fillemore—I never found till now my dear

Counteſs's vivacity unpleaſing to me—I know you cannot be grave—Indeed, I do not wiſh to do ſuch violence to your nature—and therefore leave me, my dear friend—as nothing can relieve my mind in my preſent diſtreſs—but a free vent to grief and tears.

Leave you, ſays the Counteſs, to grief and tears—What, let you mortify yourſelf like a Carthuſian penitent—or an Indian Bramin—and for what?—Becauſe the Prince and you made a blunder in gallantry—You did what you had better let alone—and you let alone the only thing you ſhould have done—and which was worth your meeting—You met for the ſake of your reputation—and the conſciouſneſs of your innocence ſet diſcretion aſleep—and when her guardian is nodding, no wonder reputation is loſt—Had you me in the cauſe of virtue, my dear—diſcretion had ever been on her guard—and tho' you had loſt your virtue—your reputation would have been

ſafe—

ſafe—You remember what your Prince's favourite Prior ſays, my dear:

'Tis not that he robbed, but that he was taken.
Derry down, down.

Grieve not, my dear, for what is paſſed—you have been dreadfully indiſcreet, that's the truth of it—but you'll be wiſer for the future.

And what's that letter in your hand, that you are peeping at every moment? —continues the Counteſs.

It is that unlucky letter of the Prince's, ſays Lady Fillemore—which was intercepted by Lord Fillemore—and then copied and ſent to me—I can keep nothing from you, my dear Counteſs—you may read it if you pleaſe.

Why, here is the couch again—ſays the Counteſs, reading the letter—the Prince and Lord Fillemore can talk of nothing but my couch—why, it will be immortal, my dear—you have made it a curioſity fit for the Britiſh Muſeum.

O—I like this, my dear—let's ſee—reads:

Hear, ſolemn Jove, and conſcious Venus, hear,
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilſt I ſwear,
No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
The well plac'd baſis of my laſting love.

Why, my dear, this is a kind of argument for the truth of what you ſay—but I think your beauty, my dear, would keep the flame alive much longer than generally happens—but do you ſeriouſly believe

No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
The well plac'd baſis of his laſting love?

Lord, lord, theſe young men have hardly changed the ſentiments of the nurſery—The poets were right in making Cupid a child—his votaries are all children—miſerable for a new toy—then miſerable till they break it in pieces—and after that miſerable till they get another.

Say what you will of me, my dear Counteſs, ſays Lady Fillemore—but do not ſpeak with levity of the Prince—

whoſe

whoſe love exceeds that of any of his ſex —and whoſe truth and conſtancy will, I am perſuaded, exceed, if poſſible, even his paſſion.

The Counteſs ſmiled, and repeated careleſsly to herſelf

No time, no change, no future flame ſhall move
The well plac'd baſis of my laſting love.

At this inſtant Lady Fillemore's lawyer, entered the room.

SECT. XXXIX.

I Am ſorry, ma'am, ſays Mr. Solemn, to be the meſſenger of ill news—We are found guilty, ma'am—The jury have brought in their verdict in favour of Lord Fillemore—and have eſtimated the damage againſt us at 10,000*l.*

Guilty! ſays Lady Fillemore — is it poſſible?

Yes, ma'am, replies Mr. Solemn—We are certainly found guilty—Some

how or other the jury are convinced that the fact was fully proved upon us.

We! and us! interrupts the Counteſs—I ſcarce underſtand you, Mr. Solemn—O! I ſee now, you repreſent the Prince—and pray, Mr. Solemn, do you think the jury did right?

Why, poſitively no, ma'am—We always expect, in caſes of this nature, that there ſhould be evidence which ſatisfies the jury of a preciſe act—We hold that no indecencies — no familiarities — no conjectures or probabilities—are ſufficient to make out the ground of ſuch an action.

Heavens forbid it ſhould, ſays the Counteſs—No married woman would be ſafe in theſe times if it was, Mr. Solemn—But proceed.

Why, ma'am, continues he, in moſt of theſe actions that have been tried—and in my experience a great number, indeed—they have generally been able to prove what is almoſt equal to the very act—

act—We have always been diſſatisfied with the verdict where it has not been ſo—The learned judge told the jury ſo—and in general, I think the chief-juſtice is one of the ſoundeſt lawyers we have—yet I am clear that the preciſe act ſhould have been proved—we ſhould have——

Bleſs me, ſays the Counteſs, whiſpering to Lady Fillemore—what is the man about—with his preciſe act—where will he ſtop?

The whiſper had ſtopt Mr. Solemn—Well, ſays the Counteſs—then you don't think the jury were warranted in their verdict?

Certainly no, ma'am, repl.es Mr. Solemn—the preciſe act was not ſufficiently proved.

What then do you ſuppoſe, ſays the Counteſs, induced the jury to be ſo ungallant to the ladies?

Why, ma'am, ſays Mr. Solemn—I begin to think we were wrong to recrimi-

nate—

nate—We loſt it upon the reply—we were jockyed, as we call it, ma'am.

Recrimination—reply—I don't comprehend you, Mr. Solemn.

Why, ma'am, replies Mr. Solemn—we call it recrimination, when thinking the evidence is rather too ſtrong for us—we prove the like conduct in the oppoſite party—as our juſtification—We thought appearances of the preciſe act, ma'am, were rather too ſtrong for us—We therefore proved from undeniable evidence—the preciſe act upon Lord Fillemore himſelf with other women.

And could the jury after this, Mr. Solemn, find a verdict in favour of Lord Fillemore?

You ſee they have, ma'am, ſays Mr. Solemn—We can never tell what a jury will do.

By your account, ſays the Counteſs, a jury are odd beings—they have convicted my poor friend here without preciſe evidence, as you call it—and have acquitted—

ted—nay, rewarded with a moderate ſum of 10,000 *l.* his lordſhip, who, you ſay, was proved guilty, with moſt unqueſtionable preciſion—Why, I vow, Mr. Solemn—it looks like partiality to their own ſex—I ſwear, I think, in ſuch caſes—the jury ſhould be half women—and then, Mr. Solemn, our ſex would take care there ſhould be ſufficient proof of the preciſe act—Is there no remedy for your client—can nothing be done in ſo doubtful a caſe?

Aye—can nothing be done, ſays Lady Fillemore—who had all this while ſat muſing and reading the Prince's letter by turns—ſcarce hearing a word that was uttered—Can nothing be done in ſo doubtful a caſe?

Why, ma'am, replies Mr. Solemn, we might have a new trial if your ladyſhip pleaſes—I own I am very much for a new trial.

Indeed, my dear, ſays the Counteſs, turning to Lady Fillemore, I think you

and

and the Prince have managed your buſineſs woefully—I hardly think a new trial would be of any ſervice to you—And, pray, ſir, addreſſing herſelf then to Mr. Solemn—what reaſons did the jury give for this ſtrange verdict?

None, ma'am, ſays Mr. Solemn, in court—It is not cuſtomary with us to enquire what reaſons the jury have for their verdict—But as I found a favourable opportunity, I clapped my ear cloſe to the key-hole of the door—where the jury were locked up—for we always lock up the jury, ma'am, till they are ready with their verdict—and I overheard all that paſſed.

The foreman called upon each of his brethren, *ſeriatim*, as we call it, ma'am, for his opinion—and whether he found for the plaintiff, Lord Fillemore, or the defendant the Prince.

I find for the plaintiff, ſays the firſt juryman that was aſked—for what buſineſs has a married woman to love any body but her huſband. I find

I find for the plaintiff too, ſays the the ſecond—for I don't underſtand the right of recrimination.

And ſo do I, ſays the third—for if recrimination ſhall hold in ſuch caſes, what man would marry?

And I, ſays a fourth—for I never will be dictated to by a judge—What did he mean by his preciſe act?—I'll warrant it happened ſome time, no matter when.

I am clearly for the plaintiff, ſays a fifth—for had Stevens and the lieutenant had a little more patience at St. Alban's, there would have been no doubt about the preciſe act.

And ſo am I, ſays a ſixth—for only conſider the letters—Can there be ſo much love—and no crim. con.?

And I, ſays the ſeventh—for would the Prince diſguiſe himſelf, and play the fool for nothing?

And I, ſays the eighth—for I have no notion that a Prince has the prerogative to make love to another man's wife.

And

And I, ſays a ninth, who was a young fellow, and not married—for if the Prince has not been guilty, I am ſure, after all we have heard—he ought to be.

And I, ſays a tenth—who trims between the church and the meeting—If the Prince has not broke the ſeventh commandment, I am ſure he has the tenth—as nothing can be more ſtrongly proved than the Prince's coveting his neighbour's wife.

And I find for the plaintiff, ſays the eleventh, who was a trimmer too—for I hate a Prince.

I hate to differ, ſays the foreman—and therefore, gentlemen, I find for the plaintiff too.

The buſineſs of the damage was more eaſily ſettled, continues Mr. Solemn—Let us give a thouſand pounds, ſays one—Aye, any thing, ſays another—What you pleaſe, ſays a third—10,000 *l.* ſays the firſt trimmer—With all my heart, ſays the ſecond—That's too much,

much, ſays a more moderate juryman—and a thouſand pounds is too little—Split the difference then, ſays another—take an ought from one ſum, and put it to the other—and that will make it ten thouſand pounds—That's right, ſays the foreman—'Tis agreed, ſays every one—and ten thouſand pounds was the ſum.

I ſee more clearly than ever now, ſays the Counteſs—the neceſſity of proving the preciſe act—and leaving as little as poſſible to judgement or belief—Theſe twelve honeſt jurymen are like any twelve believing papiſts you ſhall meet—Aſk them their reaſons about tranſubſtantiation—where the evidence of the fact is clearly againſt them—and though every one believes the reality of tranſformation in bread and wine, every man's reaſon will differ as widely, and be as little to the purpoſe as thoſe we have juſt heard.

But it is very provoking, ſays Lady Fillemore, when one knows one's ſelf to be innocent, to be found guilty.

Indeed it is very provoking, my dear, ſays the Counteſs.

Yes, truly, ſays Mr. Solemn, it is very provoking—I never was more deceived in my life—we were certainly jocky'd—He then roſe up, took his leave, and quitted the room.

If I miſtake not, ſays the Counteſs, we are ſomething like the jury—Tho' we all agree in thinking the verdict provoking—not one of us has, I believe, the ſame reaſon for the opinion—Mr. Solemn ſeems provoked that he was deceived and jocky'd, as he calls it—Your ladyſhip thinks it provoking to be found guilty when you are innocent—and I think it provoking, my dear, that you ſhould be innocent when you are found guilty.

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